

March 27, 1958

A MAJOR FARMING CURSE By ANTHONY HURD

COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE

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LADY ANGELA CECIL

The marriage of Lady Angela Cecil, third daughter of the Marquess of Exeter and Lady Mary Burghley, to Mr. William Oswald, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Oswald, of St. George's Hill, Surrey, is due to take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on April 21

COUNTRY LIFE

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FARM PRICES AND COSTS

ON balance the outcome of this year's review of price guarantees for British farmers seems reasonable enough. Some prices, notably for pigs, eggs and milk, are taken down a peg, while most of the guarantees for the arable crops and for beef and lamb stay as they were. In total, the price guarantees are reduced by £19,000,000, whereas last year's award allowed farmers an addition of £14,000,000. This looks harsh treatment, even in the economic circumstances of to-day, but the contrast arises from the big difference in cost changes. Last year farmers faced increased costs of £37,000,000. This year the increased costs are only £11,000,000: higher wage rates have been off-set by lower prices for the feeding-stuffs used by producers of milk, eggs and pigmeat. The Government worked last year as well as this year within the framework of the 1957 Agriculture Act, which allows the Chancellor to extract 2½ per cent. each time from the total value of the guarantees. Last year's award was £6,000,000 above the minimum and was accepted by the farmers' unions; this year's award is £2,000,000 above the minimum and the N.F.U. do not agree.

There is, however, some ground of common agreement. Farm incomes adjusted to a "normal weather" basis (so as to eliminate seasonal influences) were £314,500,000 in 1955/56, and £333,500,000 in 1956/57 and for 1957/58 the forecast is £361,500,000. Farm incomes in the year now ending showed a large increase, which is more than can be said for the incomes of small traders, who are in a comparable way of business. It is greatly to the credit of the farming community that they have managed so well in spite of rising costs. Efficiency and economy in production methods are obviously bearing fruit, and some of this—the major part—can properly be deducted from the subsidy bill which taxpayers have to meet to ensure the guaranteed prices to farmers. The cost to taxpayers was £206,000,000 in 1955/56, £240,000,000 in 1956/57, and will be £290,000,000 in 1957/58. The rise lately has been due to lower market prices, which greatly benefit consumers. So the town family have had to find more in taxes to enjoy lower food prices while honouring the price guarantees to the farming community. These guarantees, it should be noted, cover the repeated rises in farm wage rates, which are bringing the farm-worker's earnings nearer to those of the industrial worker.

This is a complicated skein we have woven in agricultural policy. It is not at all easy to follow exactly each thread through the design, but the whole makes a pattern that suits the national economy. Our people enjoy the benefit of ample food supplies at competitive prices from all over the world, while a stable basis is provided for the development of our own agriculture. What will the farm subsidies

cost in the coming year? No one, not even the most prescient Minister, can foretell at all closely. The sum will depend on the level of market prices and the quantity of home produce covered by the deficiency payments needed to make the average market prices up to the prices guaranteed at the annual review.

Those who come off worst are the producers of pigs, eggs and milk, who are, in many cases, small farmers already finding that the times are harder. To help them particularly Mr. John Hare has proposed a plan to subsidise well-considered improvement schemes, particularly for grassland, that should make their farms fundamentally sound units. This will be no easy task, but it is the right approach, and much more likely to succeed than differential prices for small producers.

THE GOOD LIFE

*GIVE me a tree on land that's mine, and all
The world may pass my door; I shall not
follow.*

*I shall be listening for a cuckoo's call,
I shall be looking for the year's first swallow.*

*Give me a freedom of my own, to use
As best I may, the right to toil or linger:
To spend myself ungrudgingly, or choose
Absorbed to watch a shadow's creeping finger.*

*Give me a lease of life, enough to span
The seasons one by one, and all the fretting
For chance and change so natural to man
Will never tempt me to an hour's regretting.*

D. MURRELL SIMMONS.

SAVING HISTORIC HOUSES

THE tributes of "wise discrimination, a high degree of discretion and commonsense," paid by the Minister of Works to the Historic Buildings Councils in a review of the way they work that he gave to the Rotary Club of London last week, seem to be well deserved; and on the whole they also apply to the Act that set them up nearly five years ago. For in that time 540 grants to historic buildings, totalling £1½ million, have been made: a remarkably moderate sum in relation to the number of houses thereby safeguarded and compared with the expenditure originally thought necessary in the recommendations of the Gowers Report on which the Historic Buildings Act was based. The merits of the system are that, to obtain a grant, a building must be approved by the Councils as of outstanding interest; and that the amount granted is proportionate not only to the needs of the building but to the amount the owner or occupier spends on it. Since the Act came into force, Mr. Molson could say, "no house of great national importance has been demolished." There is, of course, no way by which an owner can be compelled to preserve a building. Nevertheless there have been several cases in which houses seemed on the point of demolition for this reason but have been satisfactorily reprieved. It is to be hoped that another will be Ston Easton. The Minister of Housing has proposed making a preservation order for this fine Somerset mansion, although the County Council is opposed to it.

RECLAIMING DERELICT WOODLAND

WHEN the census of woodlands was taken ten years ago, about half a million acres were classified as unproductive or derelict woodland such as shrub, devastated or felled areas. A large part of this will remain derelict and a harbour for pests unless it is reclaimed for agricultural use. A good deal of this work has been done in Hampshire, and now the Agricultural Land Service, in collaboration with Wye College, have reported on the outcome. It can be a most profitable undertaking: with the help of marginal production grants, the net return on fifty sites averaged £14 an acre. Farmers have been able to convert what was virtually useless to them into productive land. Only six sites failed to show a profit on the reclamation. The cost of the work will vary widely, depending on whether there are large tree stumps to be cleared or whether the rubbish is mainly bushes. The net cost after deducting grants ranged from £12 to £88 an acre. The great majority of the farmers who

have undertaken such reclamation have been able to increase their cultivated acreage at a cost usually well below the estimated capital value of the reclaimed land, and to handle the larger acreage without taking on extra labour increasing machinery and fixed equipment or lowering their standards of farming.

FROST PROTECTION BY FREEZING

THE principle of protecting plants against frost by sprinkling them with water has been known for some time. This apparent contradiction of the laws of nature utilises the latent heat of freezing, which preserves the ice-coated plant at around 32 degrees F. as long as sprinkling goes on. European fruit growers have taken up the idea more enthusiastically than the British: in Germany, for instance, many fruit farms are using it on apples, pears and strawberries. Now the East Malling Research Station, in Kent, has given the system its official blessing after several years of experiment, though their advice is that it would be uneconomic on large acreages. Admittedly the initial cost of the necessary irrigation to spray trees would be fairly large but the provision of summer irrigation in orchards is in any case on the increase. By this means the pre-calculated correct level of soil moisture is maintained, which produces heavier crops in most years on many soils. The irrigation lines can also be used to carry nutrient solutions, so they have three distinct uses for the fruit-grower; and, in any case, other methods of frost protection, whether smoke-pots, giant fans or lorries delivering hot air, are also expensive, as well as being tedious to operate. A good water supply is essential because at least a tenth of an inch an hour must be applied, which is 2,300 gallons an acre, and it must be continued throughout the frost. Large installations should, of course, be thermostatically controlled. In the garden, a good lawn sprinkler will deliver adequate water.

A DOUBLE-DECKER ROAD

THOSE who believe that only imaginative road planning will make any impact on Britain's traffic problem will be heartened by a novel feature of the new London-South Wales motorway to which the Minister of Transport has given preliminary approval. If the plan is adopted, a section of the new road will leave ground level near its western exit from London and, climbing 25 feet to clear intervening buildings, will constitute a two-tier carriageway with the Great West Road. The viaduct will be so supported that traffic on the lower road will flow freely on either side of the piers. Having continued thus for a mile, the upper road will climb again to a height of about 65 feet to pass over a factory before ending the 1½ miles of its elevated course and returning to ground level to reach a spur road leading to London Airport. It is good to have the Minister's statement that the prime reason for the adoption of this two-tier feature is to avoid "the demolition of property which would have been involved in the original proposal" of an entirely new western exit at ground level. Land in these islands is precious, traffic delays in the total are appallingly wasteful, but thinking costs nothing. The results of inventive thought should not be scorned because they challenge fixed ideas about road planning.

A LAST CHANCE

UNLESS a purchaser comes forward within the next few weeks, a remarkable 17th-century brick house of moderate size, and standing in unspoilt country, is to be pulled down. Heath House, Leintwardine, five miles west of Ludlow, was built in Jacobean times but enlarged about 1700 when the particularly handsome staircase and panelling were inserted. A photograph of it was given in our issue of January 24, 1957, with other threatened houses for which the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings was seeking salvation. The Society has prepared plans by which, if necessary, the house can be reduced in size, so that, ignoring the top floor, it would have only five bedrooms. Should a suitable use for it be found, it seems likely that a grant from the Minister of Works would be forthcoming towards the essential repairs, estimated to cost £3,000.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By IAN NIALL

THE telephone rang and my garage man announced himself. The last time he rang me it concerned some modification to the steering of my car. On this occasion his urgent tone made me think of some such threat to my personal safety, but I was wrong. I had forgotten that he and the man on the petrol pump, as well as most of his mechanics, are keen bird-watchers. Would I like to see a waxwing making a great feast of berries? I couldn't get away, unfortunately. Waxwings aren't the commonest of our winter visitors. In fact in this part of the world they are a rarity, and when anyone sees one he talks about it for several seasons.

I didn't get along to the garage for some days, and when I mentioned the waxwing I expected to be told that it had gone, but it hadn't. It had been joined by a mate, and every day the two were to be seen feeding on the same ornamental shrubs. Their perches in a radius of a hundred yards were well known. Photographers had been stalking them at every turn, without much success. I was sorry they didn't show up for my benefit. It is a long time since I saw one, although the garage staff claimed to have seen a pair last winter as well. I am always a little critical of claims to have seen rare birds, but of late the standard of recognition appears to have improved, owing partly to the excellent books now available and partly to the work of well-known ornithologists on wireless and television programmes.

* * *

ANOTHER exciting piece of news that came to me not long ago was that a kite had been seen round about a lake in North Wales that I know well. I have yet to see a kite. They are rare and only a few people in my part of the world have chanced upon them. I should like to think that they are spreading as the buzzard spread north during the war, but this is rather optimistic. The nesting pairs are numbered, and one can hardly expect kites to spread very far until they are too numerous to be counted at nesting time in those localities where they have weathered persecution in years gone by.

A reader who is fortunate in having a cottage in an area where kites fly wrote to me about them and my remarks about buzzards in a recent issue. "My cottage is at 500 to 600 feet," he remarks, "and the hills around go up to about 2,000 feet. The bird population in the neighbourhood is remarkable and there are a great number of buzzards as compared with your area, where you say they have decreased. Practically every time I go in the garden there are buzzards to be seen, and when I go out in the car or go fishing buzzards are everywhere. They are curious birds and allow themselves to be most unmercifully 'pushed around' by others without any attempt at self defence. It is a very common sight to see a buzzard being attacked and seen off by a solitary crow, and I have more than once seen a curlew do the same thing. Other smaller birds also go after them, but I have never been near enough to be sure what they were."

After mentioning the great variety of smaller birds to be seen in the district and a nightingale that one evening last summer perched on a bare branch of an ash tree within a few yards of his house and stayed for half an hour, he goes on: "The greatest thrill of all are the kites, which are, I believe, about the last in the United Kingdom. There is one area in which I sometimes fish where one or both members of a pair are often to be seen quartering the hill."

* * *

TO say that we have been weary of the weather of late is an understatement. Spring came, or rather promised to come, in early March, when everything in our garden



"LUNCH-TIME, DO YOU THINK?"

Molly Jones

looked like shooting and sprouting, but then things took a turn for the worse. The land went back to sleep and the gorse beyond our hedge, overlooking us from the hill, became a white mass heavily powdered with snow. To think that it ought soon to come to life and bloom was difficult. The sheep were sheltering in it and the enormous ram that brought such curses upon his head last year when he broke through our neighbour's defences stood there staring down at us. His great curl of horns made him look most formidable, and if he was thinking anything (his head may be solid bone) he must have been pondering whether there was a succulent bite to be had in the gardens. There was none on the hill. Everything was covered.

"Well," say the dear old weather-wise gossips in the village, "I told you so. I said we'd pay for that fine day a week or two ago." All the signs of spring were to be seen then. The crows were carrying bits of wool to the nest in the ash tree over the hill, and the rookery was abuzz with sound in the morning and the late afternoon. When the second wave of cold weather struck us even my plans for an early start to the fishing season went by the board. Instead of fishing I made up the numbers at the pigeon shoot until my face got as blue as the breast of a pigeon. I didn't get a single bird.

* * *

JUNIPER grows on the cliff above the cottage. It can grow as high as 20 feet, but with us its maximum height is about 12 and even at that it lies over away from the wind—a sort of desolation of fibre, red bark and cobweb with life visible only at the tips. Juniper belongs to the conifer tribe and thrives on chalky ground. On the cliff, in other places, there is a

similar tree or shrub which I had always taken to be another species of juniper, a dwarf or crawling juniper, perhaps. This, it turns out, is the same tree adapting itself to different conditions. The seed of the tree, moved to a place where the juniper crawls, will produce a dwarf sort. In the same way the seed of the crawling juniper in more favourable ground grows into a tree. It is slow-growing, as I know very well. I have been watching a very sulky cutting of it for a long time now. It came from the cliff face and by rights should crawl, but perhaps it will turn out to be a tree one day.

* * *

MY recent reference to the monkey-puzzle tree (I saw a young demon using a dead branch of one to put schoolgirls to flight in the village the other day) brought a letter from a reader, who writes: "As you probably know, this tree originates from the south of Chile and Argentina and presumably gets its name from the Araucanian Indians who inhabit that portion of the Andes, although few of them are pure-bred by now. Some years ago I crossed the Andes in those parts on horseback and met some of them. The fruits of the monkey puzzle, or *piñones* as they are called, are their staple food. As you say, the tree grows to a great height. The sun ripens the ball of fruit, which eventually bursts, and the *piñones* fall to the ground. So nature does the difficult work and they do not have to resort to revolver shooting! The *piñones* are then gathered and stored for the winter. I have eaten them boiled and raw and they are very good indeed. However, the Araucanian Indian, I believe, grinds them up into flour and makes a sort of bread, which I fancy must be heavy but sustaining."

A MAJOR FARMING CURSE

THE PROBLEM OF FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE

By ANTHONY HURD



CATTLE GRAZING IN A FIELD OF ALFALFA ON THE ARGENTINE PAMPAS. "Ninety-eight per cent. of the meat we import from South America comes from Argentina"

WE have been able to keep altogether clear of foot-and-mouth disease for only 16 weeks in the past two years. Except for this short period of immunity there have been outbreaks and movement restrictions on livestock in one or another part of the country all the time. This is a deplorable record. We must do something more about it than merely deplore it.

Let me make it clear straight away that I am convinced that the policy of slaughter where there is infection and a strict ring of isolation round each infected place is the right policy for Britain to pursue.

This policy, as I shall show later, is currently costing the taxpayer about £1½ million a year, and anything that could be done to reduce that figure should be welcomed. Meanwhile, it is surely a small price to pay against an annual value of livestock production worth £8,000,000.

In countries where the disease is endemic

losses are far greater. Financial losses caused by the great epidemic of 1951-52 in France and the Federal German Republic, whose numbers of cattle, sheep and pigs together are comparable with ours, were respectively estimated at £45 million and £40 million.

We have the advantage of being an island and that puts us in a much better position than countries on the continent of Europe in mastering the disease. Several countries with land frontiers long for the day when they can do better than vaccination, which confers only temporary immunity on their livestock, and make a thorough job of beating foot-and-mouth disease as an endemic by adopting a slaughter policy on the same lines as ours.

It would be a costly mistake for us in Britain ever to allow the disease to become established permanently.

We do not generate the infection in this

country. All the trouble comes from abroad. Taking together 1956, 1957 and the first two months of this year, 42 of the original primary outbreaks have been attributed by our Ministry of Agriculture to South American meat and 37 to the spread of infection from the Continent (probably by birds), and in 13 the origin was obscure. Apparently more than half the trouble we get comes through South American meat.

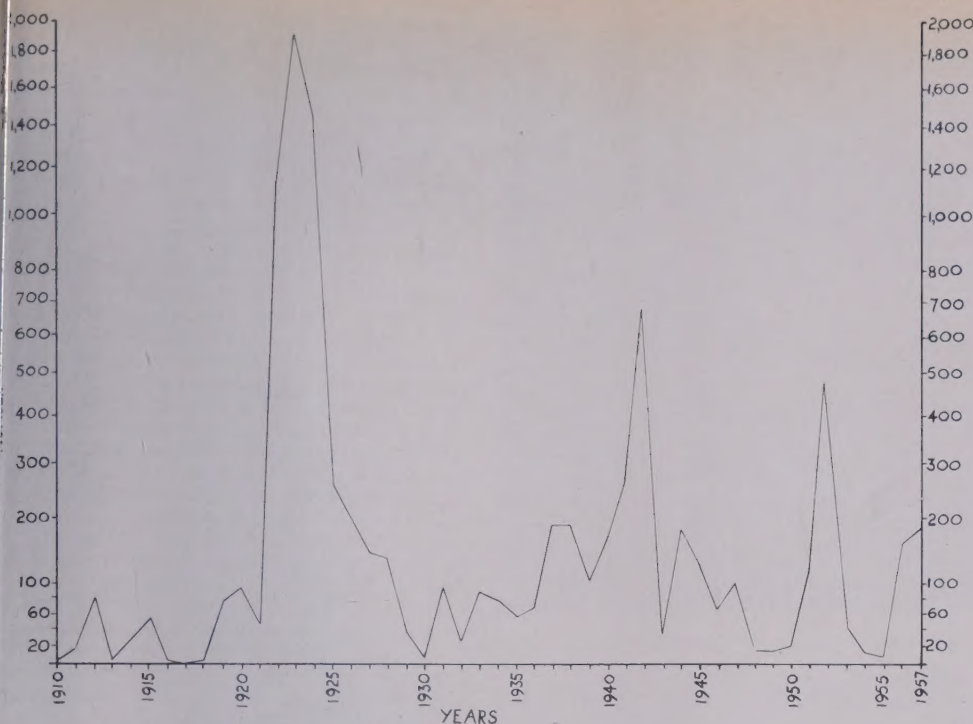
Mr. Roland Covell, President of the National Federation of Meat Traders' Associations, has lately said that no harmful disease has been detected in Argentine meat received in this country. I agree that there is no exact scientific evidence, based on laboratory tests, of the presence of the virus in imported meat. However, the circumstantial evidence is convincing. All too often an outbreak occurs on a farm where it is found that pigs have been carelessly fed on swill. The swill contained scraps of South American meat and the boiling required by law was not done thoroughly enough to kill any virus it may have contained. In other cases people have been careless in giving farm dogs bones from chilled and frozen meat, and the evidence all points to this as the cause of an outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease on those farms. Tests show clearly enough that the virus of foot-and-mouth disease will survive for four to five months in chilled and frozen carcasses. Surely the Pirbright Research Station should be charged with the duty of testing samples of meat imported from the Argentine regularly to establish the facts beyond doubt, once and for all.

Almost all (98 per cent.) of the meat we import from South America comes from Argentina. In January I had the opportunity for a few days to see something of the measures taken in Argentina to prevent infected cattle reaching the freezing works which ship meat to this country. These precautions are taken under the Bledisloe Agreement made in 1928. The regulations provide for the veterinary inspection at every stage of animals destined for export. A veterinary certificate should be given before the animals leave the farm, testifying that the place is free from foot-and-mouth disease; there is visual inspection by qualified veterinary men at the markets and freezing works; thorough disinfection of trucks and lorries carrying stock from the farms to the point of slaughter is also required; and new wrappings are used when the meat is shipped. If these rules were carried out effectively at each stage, we should not get nearly so much trouble from Argentina.

I appreciate from conversations I had with the Minister of Agriculture there and the Director of Animal Health that they and their chief officials are anxious that the precautions should be made fully effective. But Argentina is a vast country with 43 million cattle and 50 million



POLWARTH EWES RECOVERING FROM FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE IN URUGUAY, WHERE, AS IN ARGENTINA, IT IS WIDESPREAD. Vaccination is so far practised there only on cattle



GRAPH SHOWING THE INCIDENCE OF FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE IN GREAT BRITAIN BETWEEN 1910 AND 1957. Though the worst outbreaks of recent years have fortunately not equalled the disastrous epidemic of the early 1920s, they have been serious enough to call for a much greater effort to deal with the problem

sheep, and the Latin American temperament, always ready to take a chance and hope for the best, has made it impracticable so far for the 700 veterinary inspectors in the Government service to make these precautions anything like water-tight. The infection leaks through at several points.

The veterinary service in Argentina is far from adequate to cope with a problem on this scale. I could not obtain a complete record of the number of fresh outbreaks of foot-and-mouth disease which occur each year. The total must be more than one thousand, and they are widespread. Seven hundred veterinary officers, of whom 145 are in the field and in many cases only part-time because the pay is poor, cannot possibly keep check on what is happening. They cannot get round to give certificates for each troop of cattle that is dispatched to market or freezing works. The certificate of freedom from disease is, as the Gowers Committee found five years ago, given in many cases by the owner himself. He would not in any event want to send cattle obviously suffering from foot-and-mouth disease because they would be rejected for the export trade at the point of slaughter.

So far as I could judge, the veterinary inspection at the markets and at the freezing works is done thoroughly by competent men. I was not so happy about the effectiveness of the arrangements for cleansing and disinfecting the railway trucks and lorries that bring in stock from the farms. There is in my opinion a serious risk of healthy stock becoming infected on the way to slaughter.

Here is one example. When I visited Liniers cattle market on January 31, I asked when the veterinary inspectors had last discovered a case of foot-and-mouth disease in cattle sent to the market. The record showed that this was on January 15, when four cattle of a troop of 61 showed signs of lameness and slaving at the mouth. The diseased animals were destroyed and the rest of the troop disposed of for local consumption. A telegram was sent to the veterinary officer in the district from which they came requiring him to close the farm for movement for 30 days. If it were found, I was told, that the disease had existed on the farm for some time before the cattle were despatched, the owner would be fined. In this particular case the disease lesions were only two to three days old, and the four affected animals probably contracted the disease in transit. They were six days on the way to market.

The conclusion I have reached is that most of the infection we get comes through animals which are incubating the disease when slaughtered. They do not show any obvious symptoms—and the freezing works are most particular in their inspection. The virus cannot be detected at that stage, but it will survive for four to five months in the meat and bone. This is a much longer period than it takes to dispose of chilled beef from the point of slaughter to the consumer in Britain. If all the meat is not cooked thoroughly and some trimmings or raw bones get on to a farm here, the infection has a free field to spread, and it does so at a great cost to us.

In recent years British taxpayers have had to find close on one million pounds annually to

meet the bill for compensation to farmers whose stock has been slaughtered because of foot-and-mouth disease outbreaks. On top of this, the cost of central and local administrative services dealing with outbreaks of the disease is estimated at £250,000 in each of the past two years, and for the current financial year is likely to be £500,000 because we have run into so much more trouble.

This financial burden on the taxpayer is, as farmers and auctioneers well know, only part of the debit account. Farmers are paid compensation for stock slaughtered on a reasonable assessment of their market value, but the consequential loss to the afflicted farmers who cannot restock their farms for a time and who lose the rhythm of economical production for a year or longer must run to a large additional sum. The farmer can take out an insurance policy against consequential loss, and this is certainly to be recommended.

But why should we tolerate indefinitely the risks that imported South American meat bring? To quote our Minister of Agriculture, Mr. John Hare, speaking in the House of Commons on March 5, "We have the right to expect that the exporters of meat in South America should take the most stringent precautions possible to avoid the sending of this pernicious virus to us. While South American meat brings us, however occasionally, foot-and-mouth disease virus a question mark must hang over the whole trade."

The answer will now have to be found if Argentina wants to hold a place for her chilled beef in the British market. We can assist with technical advice, but the drive and determination to master foot-and-mouth disease must come from Argentina herself. I trust that our Minister of Agriculture and the Foreign Office are following up vigorously what was said in the House of Commons. It is, as Mr. Hare said then, only by the widespread and efficient vaccination of livestock in the Argentine that we can be protected.

A start with compulsory vaccination is due to be made in May in the province of Buenos Aires, from which the freezing works draw most cattle for export. Regular vaccination, three times a year, is already the practice of the more enlightened farmers who have pedigree herds or dairy cows or who produce good-quality young cattle for the chilled beef trade. How long will it take to establish a clean area?

This is not a matter of concern only to



PRECAUTIONARY MEASURES IN BRITAIN. Straw laid at the entrance to a farm in Gloucestershire being disinfected to prevent the spreading of foot-and-mouth disease from a near-by farm



A POLICE SERGEANT DIPPING HIS FEET IN DISINFECTANT BEFORE LEAVING A LANCASHIRE FARM WHERE AN OUTBREAK OF FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE HAS OCCURRED. Access to the farm is barred to everyone without essential business there

us. Argentina is a wonderful country for feeding and breeding livestock, and the quality of chilled beef sent here is superb, but the economy of production there is being hit all the time by endemic foot-and-mouth disease. To bring this home to the farmers of Argentina and not only the top people in Buenos Aires, F.A.O., the United Nations body charged with ridding the world of foot-and-mouth disease, must pursue a much more active line in South America. What is true of Argentina is true of Uruguay

also. When I was there two years ago, I admired a pedigree flock of Polwarth ewes and then seeing that some were lame, asked: "Do you have much trouble with foot-rot?" The answer came: "That is not foot-rot; it is foot-and-mouth disease." My instinctive reaction was to get away from those sheep as quickly as possible. There are many difficulties to be overcome—technical, administrative and psychological—but they are not unsurmountable if all concerned will determine to

master the disease and apply to the full the advances of science. There is a great deal the South American countries can learn from the recent experience of the countries in north-west Europe which are now making some progress towards gaining a clean bill of health.

France, unhappily for her and for us, still has a bad record. There were no fewer than 99,000 outbreaks of foot-and-mouth disease in France last year. The blame for the series of outbreaks in south-west England since the New Year is attributed by our Ministry to birds migrating from France and pitching down in Hampshire. This is rather unusual. More often we get trouble from the Continent at the time of the autumn bird migration across the English Channel to Kent, Essex and that seaboard. We need to chivvy France almost as much as we need to chivvy the South American countries, if we are to preserve for ourselves a clean bill of health. We do not accept any fresh carcass meat from France, and on this score Argentina enjoys especially favoured nation treatment.

Could we do without Argentine meat altogether? We could, but the shortage of good beef would be a serious matter for British housewives. Last year we obtained 260,000 tons of beef from Argentina, mainly chilled and high-quality, 100,000 tons of frozen beef from Australia and 80,000 tons, some chilled and some frozen, from New Zealand. These Commonwealth supplies can be increased, and these Dominions mean to send more beef—chilled rather than frozen. Moreover there is no reason why the production of good-quality beef should not be increased further in Britain. Indeed, we should do well now to tell Argentina that, unless she can make better progress in the next five years in dealing with her foot-and-mouth disease problem than she has done in the last 30 years since the Bledisloe Agreement was signed, we shall have to count her out of the British market.

MY LAST PARISH MEETING

By G. RIDSDILL SMITH

THE last Parish Council meeting I attended, before regretfully retiring, covered a remarkably wide range of subjects, and I left it wondering what would be the end of the many problems we had discussed, on and off, for the past ten years; wondering, too, what sort of a show the master-baker and I would have made as parish supervisors of snow clearance in an emergency (a duty laid on us by the last council but one). The emergency had not arisen, though it might have been rather a lark, in his Chaucerian company, warmed with hot rolls and brandy. But perhaps that is mere rosy retrospection.

* * *

More factual was the first item on the agenda, as usual Swineleys-lane, whose future was still further confused when our legal councillor, who had been doing research on the subject in Shire Hall, announced that the lane was a B.R. on one map and F.P. on another; and that the parish boundary ran down the middle of its flooded surface, straight and narrow as Christian's path between deep ditch and bottomless quagmire, and "all along set full of the snares, traps, gins and nets" of litigation. Almost as problematical was the next item—the building programme, which is full of archaeological interest, since the new site is a field beside our newly discovered Romano-British cemetery significantly marked on aerial photographs, but also full of frustration caused by the barrier of common land and private property to the west, and of playing field to the east. This field, bought by the council some years back, presents chronic problems of maintenance and safeguarding from wilful violation of one or other of the 12 bye-laws (to which my signature is appended, though I should hate to be asked to interpret some of them). The proximity of new houses, it is hoped, will better help to discourage wielders of catapult, saw and turfing iron.

How urgently these new houses are needed could be seen from the housing officer's waiting list—more old folk on the list (among them my old groom, still chewing the straws of memory), more children for the school already scheduled

for extension in an adjoining field, the purchase of which will at last do the headmaster out of his seasonal complaint about the cows there which moo both him and his pupils to silence. I sometimes wish they would do the same at council meetings when we get on to subjects like parish hall administration.

During this last spell of argumentation, after studying for the hundredth time the Sunday school pictures on the wall, I let my thoughts wander to many happy functions in that hall: the pre-war boys' club where some sitting beside me as councillors used to racket around from game to game in an atmosphere of dust and laughter; post-war decorous whist drives, where the pros, keen for prizes, had their cards fanned before I had even separated mine; Christmas fêtes endured in Santa Claus mask, beard and hood; dances in aid of this and that, very *comme il faut* on a floor not so; socials whose party games vied with songs that drew enough shrieks and guffaws to drown the remarks of the pianist as one note after another seized up; sporting club dinners, very snug if one happened to sit near the fire and not at the speechifying high table; flower shows which some exhibitors made a matter of life and death; political meetings, attended mostly by hecklers.

To-night, however, the hall was dismissed in five minutes, chiefly because its committee, not having met for six months, had offended nobody, and we passed on to the war memorial—an oak board, on view after two years' delay, now lettered and worded to suit church and public opinion, recalling those boyish faces whose names will shine out in gold in the church, as already they do from the floodlit stone cross on its green at the cross-roads. Just over the road lie our allotments, about which there was the usual something to be said concerning some holder dumping his rubbish on some other holder's allotment, or allowing his plot to go back to weeds; I give silent thanks that my own half-hearted pest-ridden efforts are not so humiliatedly publicised.

From allotments we moved on to the Best-kept-village Competition, wherein our village's high place last year has acted as spur to more

effort this year. Since the appropriate body for such effort was the W.I., it was proposed to offer our backing if they would undertake it—a very satisfactory male proposition, carried *nem. con.* It only remained for our lady councillor to ask if an old iron chest, with "Overseers of — Parva" painted on it in white, could be used for the Mothers' Union crocks, which at present were piled precariously on its lid. This being agreed to, and since no other business came up for discussion—had we not dealt with most aspects of village life from cradle to grave?—the meeting was adjourned.

* * *

From my quiet backwater I shall think somewhat enviously of the cross-currents of the next election; that embarrassing door-to-door canvassing—on my very first round I was greeted by one householder with "Wot's the big idea? I'm a candidate meself!"; the important look of the village school placarded "Polling Booth" for the day; the trickle of voters in morning and afternoon, when the old are helped in, and the boozers, too, while they're still half-sober; and the rush at night when tellers send runners and transport out in a feverish last-minute round-up.

Then the counting of votes in the locked class-room whose desks present problems for those grown-ups, with plenty to sit on but nowhere to put it, who have taken the oath—once so strictly applied that even the old doctor could leave the room at nature's call only if accompanied by the village policeman. At no other time is attention so riveted on the teacher's desk, where the papers heap up, as the names from the unsealed ballot boxes are monotoned, in political groups or groups which show a more personal choice. Then the anxious silence, while the votes are counted, checked and rechecked, till the doors are unlocked, the results publicised to the faithful few outside, and congratulations and commiserations exchanged in an atmosphere of forced bonhomie.

My one consolation will be that, like W.G., when he sent up a skier and declared the innings closed before he could be caught, I retired from the field not out.

DETECTING A KELT

By KENNETH DAWSON

THE greatest problem which confronts the spring salmon fisher is to determine whether the fish he has hooked is a clean springer or a kelt, and one only begins to realise how difficult this is the greater one's experience becomes.

The degrees of kelt-dom are innumerable. There is what may be called the obvious kelt, which always reminds me of the definition of a line—length without breadth—and about which only the veriest tyro can be in doubt. It is thin as a lath, in the middle section of the fish the contours of back and belly are parallel, and the head is large out of all proportion to the body. Its fighting powers are negligible: a few short runs, possibly a splash or two on the surface, and it gives up and comes in like a log.

Kelts or this description are almost certainly those of the early spring fish which came into the river a year or more ago, and have existed all that time on the fat they had accumulated before leaving the sea. The marvel is not that they are thin and weak but that they are alive at all after 12 months without a single meal. Not only has this fat had to keep them alive, but it has been heavily drawn upon to nourish the ever-growing milt or ova, which in the case of a hen fish will account for one-third of her weight by the time she is ripe for spawning in November.

Another class of kelt is that of the summer salmon which entered fresh water between May and September, and so has been fasting for six to nine months. Most of these are also in pretty poor condition and, although not quite so obvious as the first class, should not be hard to identify, except for the very inexperienced, although there may be quite a big degree of variation within the class.

It is when we come to the third category, that of the so-called winter salmon which run up many of our rivers from November to January, that the real difficulty arises. These may deceive anglers of the greatest experience because their condition is little if at all inferior in many cases to that of clean salmon.

There are two reasons for this. First, they remained in the sea right through the summer and autumn when the feeding in salt water is at its best, and therefore the demands made by their growing gonads have been balanced in great measure by the fact that they have been consuming large quantities of food instead of fasting, as have the spring and summer fish. Second, their sojourn in fresh water is brief, for they spawn almost as soon as they enter the river, and when caught in early spring have only been out of the sea for three months or less.

In the *Salmon and Trout Magazine* of January, 1955, Mr. Drummond Sedgwick had an interesting article on these winter salmon based on a number he had examined in West Country rivers when with the Devon River Board. Among the points he made were that the scale development is similar to that found in spring salmon. The erosion at the edge of the scales, which is caused by the loss of condition and is marked in the case of spring and summer fish, is slight and usually confined to the anterior portion.

As to their food value he said that the condition was good, and often better than that of many summer salmon which entered fresh water after the end of June. He concluded: "The loss of condition due to spawning operations by winter salmon is very small. It is highly probable that in rivers where fairly large numbers of these fish occur a proportion of their kelts are taken by anglers under the impression that they are spring salmon."

This can, of course, happen in reverse,

although much less often, by doubtful and conscientious anglers. The most remarkable case I ever heard of happened to a friend of mine who with his wife was fishing the Broadlands water on the lower Test. They were comparative beginners who had only recently started salmon fishing after reading one of my early books, *From Major to Minor*, published by COUNTRY LIFE in 1928.

One of them, I forget which, hooked and eventually landed a fish about which they felt doubts when they had got it on to the bank. So it was carefully unhooked and returned to the water. But it had been played for a long while and after a few moments it turned belly-up and disappeared down stream. Some time later W. Geary, the river keeper, appeared from below where they were fishing carrying a salmon. "Did either of you lose this?" he asked. They had a look, and by some mark recognised it as the one they had put back. Geary laughed; "Well, you're lucky. I found it alongside the bank, and it is a good clean fish."

The man who says he can tell a kelt soon after it has been hooked will also probably have

not have lost all its gill maggots during the stay in salt water, and so you may get a fish with both gill maggots and sea-lice.

As already mentioned, the most difficult kelts to distinguish are those of the winter fish, which in colour and condition may differ little from the springers. But, as they have only recently spawned, they may still retain slight traces of their coppery breeding livery. The body may be as silvery as that of a clean fish, but there are often four or five red spots on the gill covers which will reveal the fish's real identity.

If you have taken a kelt by mistake and left it somewhere while you continued fishing, you will probably have a considerable shock when you see it after an hour or two. It may have looked plump enough when just out of the water, but by this time the flanks will have fallen in, and it will look lean and lanky. This bears out what Menzies said in *The Salmon*: the improved appearance of the "well-mended" kelt is caused by the absorption of water and is not due to any increase in weight. Contrary to popular belief, kelts do not feed on



AN EARLY DAY ON A SALMON RIVER. The chief difficulty at the start of the season is to decide whether a fish is clean or a kelt

on the tip of his tongue a whole list of the characteristics by which, he says, the unclean fish can be distinguished. In actual fact not one of these is infallible, and quite a number are difficult to apply because there is nothing handy to compare them with.

The way they fight is nothing whatever to go by in many cases, for some kelts put up a tremendous scrap, better indeed than a clean fish which is tired after a long run upstream against a fast current. The majority of kelts do not jump while being played, but I have known a number that did, one no fewer than five times.

Most kelts are infested with those loathsome-looking parasites, gill maggots, which cluster thickly on the gill filaments. Yet I have seen plenty of unmistakable kelts without a single maggot and with the filaments the clean, dark red colour of the fresh-run salmon. Incidentally, these creatures seem most active when the water is coldest in winter and early spring, and often clean salmon will become infested with them after only a short time in the river, and therefore this is again an unreliable guide.

Moreover, a previously spawned salmon which has been back to the sea and then returned to the river for a second time, will probably

their way back to the sea and continue to lose weight on the journey.

Another little known fact is that the female kelts develop new ovaries while still in the river. Yet I have heard this put forward as proof that a fish was clean. The only absolutely unmistakable evidence that the fish is a kelt that I know of is when you cut it open and find a few big loose eggs in the abdomen, for the hens never completely shed all their ova. But it is a bit late to do anything about putting it back by this time.

While I can agree with Chaytor in welcoming the attention of a kelt on the opening day when, as he says, "a pull of any kind gives you a jump of pleasure," one can easily have too much of this not very good thing. They waste a lot of time in the short days of winter and early spring, and it is possible to damage a light rod in trying to get them in quickly.

Personally, when I am sure it is a kelt, I hand-line it, and it is astonishing how easily a big strong kelt or a late spawner can be brought into the bank for tailing by this method. I believe one could sometimes save the loss of a clean fish which bolts down stream where the angler cannot follow by similar tactics. But I have to admit that I have never had the courage to try.

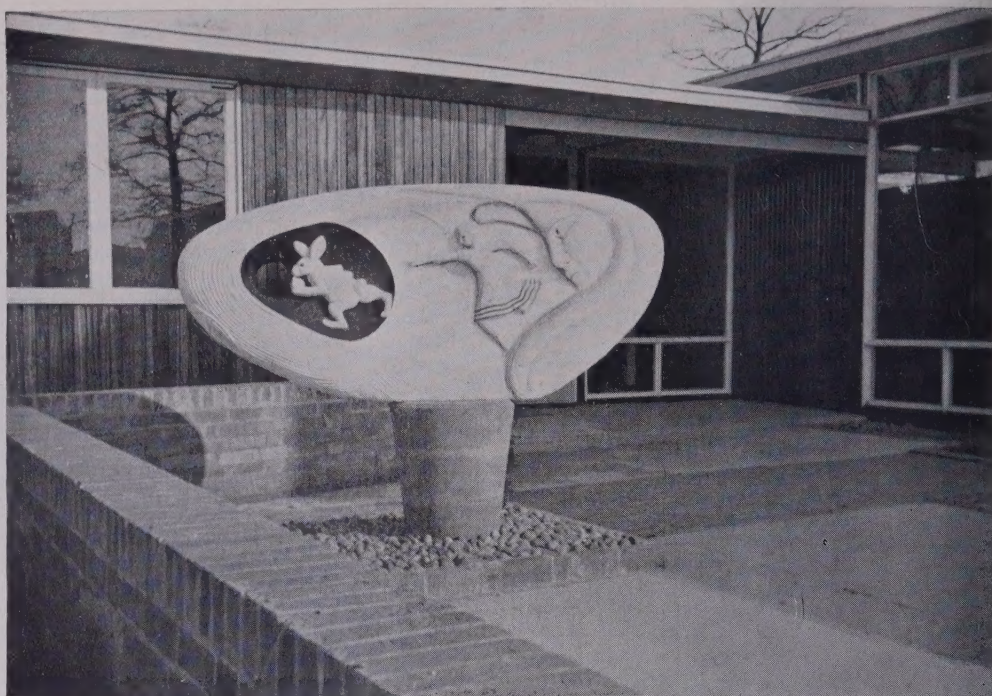
SCULPTURE AND MURALS IN NEW SCHOOLS

By FRANCES O'SHAUGHNESSY

A STIMULATING lead in the design of new schools is being given by the Warwickshire County Council. When a school is built, a sum of up to one-third of one per cent. of its cost may be allocated to provide sculpture or other decoration. County Councils are encouraged to commission works of art in this enlightened way, provided the cost is included in the total amount permitted by the Ministry of Education. Since the war 72 schools have been built in Warwickshire. Within the limits set—£1 in every £300—the Warwickshire County Council, acting through the Education Committee, the County Education Officer and the County Architect, have been able to commission a considerable number of examples of contemporary sculpture and mural painting. Preference has been given to the employment of Warwickshire artists and sculptors.

Commissions for bas reliefs and sculpture at several schools have been given to the Warwickshire sculptor, Walter Ritchie. Born on the outskirts of Coventry, Mr. Ritchie early showed exceptional ability in painting and sculpture, and was awarded a special grant by the Warwickshire Education Committee to study at Coventry Art School. A further grant, in 1938, enabled him to study under the late Eric Gill. In 1946 Mr. Ritchie was given his first important commission by the Council: two murals in bas relief for the front of the large new secondary modern school at Castle Bromwich. Each of these murals, *Hurdlers* and *Climbers*, measures over seven feet by six feet and is executed in Darley Dale stone.

In the garden of the Thomas Joliffe School, a new primary school at Stratford-on-Avon, is Walter Ritchie's *Ariel on the Wings of a Bat*. Another work of his, *Shooting Star*, is in the grounds of the Rokeby Primary School in Rugby. Both *Ariel* and *Shooting Star* are executed in laminated teak. This material has been chosen on the grounds that it is less expensive than metal, allows more lightness and freedom than stone, and will readily stand up to weathering. Rokeby Primary School also has a stone panel by Walter Ritchie of the Warwickshire coat-of-arms set into the red brick of its frontage.



ALICE IN WONDERLAND: a relief in Portland stone, partly coloured, at Binley Roseycombe Primary School. It is one of several works by Walter Ritchie, commissioned by the Warwickshire County Council for new schools in the county

Where the schools themselves have cost less to build, the percentage rule has meant that the sculptor has had to work within closer financial limits. At Cashmore Junior and Infants' School at Leamington Spa Mr. Ritchie has chiselled a scene from Peter Pan, showing Peter and the three Darling children, floating up towards the Never Never Land, in the actual Ibstock brickwork. At Bilton, near Rugby, the new St. Mark's Church of England Primary School is built of Whitwick brick. In the brickwork of one of the walls Mr. Ritchie has carved *Boy and Horses*, a charming, dancing

figure of a boy blowing a horn followed by leaping miniature horses. Near the St. Mark's Primary School, at St. Mark's Infants' School, is a round walnut plaque by Mr. Ritchie, bearing the inscription *Strength and Vision*. Mounted on the walnut plaque is a carving of St. Mark's winged lion in sycamore.

At Binley Roseycombe Primary School Walter Ritchie's work is represented by two bas reliefs in Portland stone, partly coloured. The reliefs are on ovals each mounted on a small stone plinth. *Alice in Wonderland's* White Rabbit and the Queen of Hearts are enclosed



HURDLERS AND (right) CLIMBERS. Carved in Darley Dale stone by Walter Ritchie for the new secondary modern school at Castle Bromwich, Warwickshire



SHOOTING STAR. A carving in laminated teak by Walter Ritchie at Rokeby Primary School, Rugby

in oval frames of Alice's hair. At Atherstone *The Tumbler* is a little stone boy tumbling over himself like the little boys playing at the school: at Solihull, a stone bas relief of *A Boy Fishing* overlooks the playground of Lode Lane Junior School.

The Goosegirl, executed in sycamore, was submitted with other designs for the Rokeby School, but as Mr. Ritchie's original intention had been to carve it in stone, the ultimate cost would have been greater than the amount of money available. It may be that *The Goosegirl* will be used at a future primary school.

At the Dunsmore Secondary Technical School, Arnold Machin, R.A., was commissioned to provide the sculpture, and has produced an appealing *Mother and Child* which stands on a corbel on the front wall of the school.

Some of the Warwickshire schools have commissioned murals. At Oken School, near Warwick Castle, there is a long wall—52 feet by 9 feet—facing the glass entrance portico. On this wall Alan Sorrell, R.W.S., has painted a mural which he has conceived as a series rather than as a single picture. He has taken the four seasons as his theme and linked them with the stages in a man's life. Spring and childhood show fairy tales, myths and legends. Summer and maturity produce adventure, travel and the major undertakings of life. Autumn shows the return of the traveller, the gathering of fruit and the reaping of corn. The winter scene depicts old age; at the end of it a lone figure sets out into the unknown. It is interesting to see how much attention is paid to this mural by children at the school and how fascinated they are in studying its details.

At Polesworth High School, in the north of Warwickshire, is a brightly painted mural on the wall of the staircase; *Seaside Scene* by Anthony Barson. Anthony Barson is a native of Sutton Coldfield. He studied at the Art School there and later went to Birmingham College of Art. He was then given a grant by the Warwickshire Education Committee to enable him to take up a scholarship that he had won at the Royal Academy School in London.

It may well be that the many sculptures of Walter Ritchie, and Barson's painting, will encourage other Warwickshire children to study painting and sculpture and to come back in their turn to decorate other schools to be built in their county.



OFF TO THE NEVER NEVER LAND. A Peter Pan subject carved by Walter Ritchie in the brickwork of the Cashmore Junior and Infants' School at Leamington Spa. (Below) **BOY AND HORSES** in the brickwork of St. Mark's Church of England Primary School at Bilton, near Rugby



THE SEASONS: A MURAL BY ALAN SORRELL, R.W.S. It is in the entrance hall of Oken School, near Warwick Castle

SPECTACULAR CLIMBING PLANTS FOR GARDEN PLEASURE

By LANNING ROPER

MUCH has been written about climbers in trees and the possible damage they may do (see *Plants that Grow on Trees*, by T. R. Peace, COUNTRY LIFE, September 12, 1957). What I wish to explore in this article is the decorative value of non-parasitic climbing plants, whether self-climbing or those relying on support to make their way.

There is nothing particularly novel about this use of climbers. For years they have been one solution to hiding an old tree, either dead or dying. They are equally appropriate for live ones. In warm countries where climbers are particularly rampant the sight of a wall, tree or house, often all three, smothered with passion flower, bougainvillaea or bignonia is taken as a matter of course, the softening effects and the attendant air of mystery evoking no comment of wonder save from northern visitors. In

climbs over forest trees, throwing a mantle of fragrant racemes of white or mauve over every branch in May. There is an excellent example of wisteria used in this spectacular manner at Pyrford Court, near Woking, where the collection of wisterias is justly famous (Fig. 1). On one side of the gently sloping lawn the growth of plants, unrestrained through the years, makes a vivid contrast to the carefully pruned specimens on the walls and pergolas opposite. These huge old shrubs, now some twenty years of age, have climbed the trunks of large trees and then grown out through the branches to find the light and, having found it, sprawl in every direction.

In the Savill Gardens in Windsor Great Park a novel method has been tried. Here a wisteria, planted beyond the outer periphery of the spreading branches of an oak was given as

is the needed foil to make the pale flowers stand out. It is such unexpected exuberance as this which gives gardens charm and character. In the Savill Gardens, along the fence at the head of the little stream which helps feed the upper pond, *Clematis chrysocoma*, a species closely akin to *C. montana*, has climbed the fence, scaled the trees and hangs in long festoons of palest pink or pearly mauve. It is a delightful sight in late May and June, and often there are a few scattered blooms like a swarm of butterflies in September. Here new green leaves are the foil instead of the inky green of yew. *C. chrysocoma* has a longer flowering period than *C. montana* and is a little less rampagous. *Clematis spooneri* is similar and can be used in the same way. *C. armandii* is not suited to this purpose because of its large evergreen leaves and its need for the protection of a warm wall in most localities. Clematises are ideal for growth over trees, as they are provided with conditions to which they are partial, their roots in cool shade, their flowers and growth in sun.

Next on my list is the climbing hydrangea, *H. petiolaris* (Fig. 3). It clings to a shady wall or the bark of a tree with its own roots, but it is not injurious to its host. It is an ideal plant for woodland conditions, as it revels in shade. The foliage, bold and handsome, has the added attraction of turning a clear lemon-yellow in autumn. The flat lacy flower heads are produced in June. In July it is followed by a close relation, *Schizophragma hydrangoides*, which again is self-clinging and has even more conspicuous flower-heads. There is an autumn-flowering counterpart, *Pileostegia viburnoides*, evergreen and self-clinging, but less vigorous and a little less hardy. It, too, likes partial shade and a cool root run. All these plants are rather mysterious, as they succeed in some gardens, but in others, where conditions are apparently equally propitious, they stand still for some years, until at last they either fade away or suddenly grow vigorously. I know of one plant of *Hydrangea petiolaris* which took all the war years to make up its mind to grow up. I often wonder if it was waiting to see whether it would be worth-while.

It is important when planting these climbers against a tree to be sure that there is a sufficient pocket of good soil among the roots and then to provide some means of support to hold the stems against the bark until they have established their clinging roots. Mesh wire is admirable or a stick with twine.

Vines must next claim our attention, as again they are admirable for growing through trees. The wild grapes of New England are a spectacular sight in autumn, when their violent crimson leaves trail over the golden leaves of alder, birch and maple. In the courtyard of my house in London a particularly vigorous form of *Vitis coignetiae* grows up the south wall of the house and then spans the courtyard on a wire. Now it clambers to the topmost branches of an old pear tree. In autumn it is a mass of indescribable shades of pink, mauve and crimson. This sturdy climber has to be drastically knifed in winter or very early spring, as it would smother the old pear tree in time. Again, in the Savill Garden on the west side of the upper pond a vine has been allowed to indulge in the sport of tree-climbing, making a colourful sight in late September.

Polygonum baldschuanicum I will not praise, for it maddens those who curse it. But it can be



1.—WISTERIA ON A SUNNY WALL AT PYRFORD COURT, NEAR WOKING, SURREY.

"This free-growing twining climber is admirable where there is space to give it full rein"

British gardens similar effects can be achieved with wisterias, roses, clematises, vines and even our old friend or enemy, depending on one's point of view, *Polygonum baldschuanicum*. Honeysuckles and jasmine should also be included and, of course, *Hydrangea petiolaris*, which in maturity will give a spectacular display.

As one sees from scanning the list, most of the climbers mentioned have white flowers or are in pale colours like ivory, mauve, or pink. This is fortunate, as the lighter colours stand out in shady woodland gardens and in the all-green landscape of an English park. Roses and clematises are the obvious exception to my list, although by curious coincidence the species and varieties best suited to this aerial form of gardening tend, as we shall see, to be in this same colour range and not of the gayer, brighter colours also associated with those genera.

Let us start with wisteria. This free-growing twining climber is admirable where there is space to give it full rein. There is no use in planting it if there is any question of having to curtail it in the foreseeable future. Anyway, it will be impossible to reach it, and it is unthinkable to spoil its exuberance as it

a support a stout rope tied high up in the branches above and fastened to a peg in the ground. In this way the young shoots scrambled up the rope and through the branches.

One more point is worth noting. An oak tree is particularly suited as a host, because its leaves are late in developing and the flowers of the wisteria bloom without the full competition from its foliage. Second, the new leaves are of a bronzy hue, particularly subtle with the cool mauve of wisteria.

A similar combination of entrancing beauty is found in the United States in the great gardens in South Carolina near Charleston. Here wisterias grow over trees dripping with Spanish moss. The pendulous racemes of mauve and violet among the delicate swags of silvery moss, swaying in the gentlest breeze and mirrored in the dark waters of a silent bayou, is a sight which has thrilled gardeners from all over the world.

Clematis is another very easy climber for use in similar fashion. In Fig. 2, taken at the entrance to the kitchen garden at Newby Hall, near Ripon, Yorkshire, we see a huge *Clematis montana* growing up a wall into a yew tree. The effect is delightful, for the dark green of the yew



2.—*CLEMATIS MONTANA* CLIMBING THROUGH A YEW TREE IN THE GARDENS OF NEWBY HALL, NEAR RIPON, YORKSHIRE. "The dark green of the yew is the needed foil to make the pale flowers stand out"

very effective growing over yew or a thicket of scrubby trees. We'll let it go at that.

Lastly we come to climbing roses, which offer an array of possibilities because of their long, graceful shoots, covered with clusters of scented blossoms which fall in cascades. Of course they can be similarly used on large pergolas. They flower in midsummer when the majority of flowering trees and shrubs in the woodland garden have spent themselves, and not the least of their charms is their wonderful variety of scents and attractive red hips in autumn. In the gardener's eyes they have other virtues: most of them are very rapid growers; they require little looking after, as in most cases they do not require much pruning, although dead wood should be removed as necessary. Feeding with well-rotted manure is recommended in autumn and, where this is not available, rose fertilisers, or rose manures as they are often called, are excellent.

Some species are outstanding. Perhaps the best known is *Rosa filipes*, shown in Fig. 4 growing high above a dark yew hedge and, as is its habit, forming a white cascade over the tree above. Even more spectacular is the giant Kiftgate form which appeared in the Gloucestershire garden the name of which it bears. It grows with a vigour hard to visualise unless one has seen it with its new growths arching and stretching outwards and upwards. The enormous panicles of creamy-white flowers, each about an inch and a half across, with a boss of vivid orange stamens, make a spectacle of beauty rivalled in few gardens. And the scent! But lovely as this giant may be, it is a rose for only the largest gardens.

Another vigorous species, but with much smaller leaves and flowers, is *R. moschata*, which bears clusters of musk-

scented single white flowers in July. It will quickly grow to the top of a tree, and I have read of its trailing over pines, surely a most effective combination.

At Knightsayes Court, near Tiverton, in Devon, there is a wonderful woodland garden made since the war, hard as it is to believe this now. Here roses have been trained up trees to such particularly good effect that they have become a feature in midsummer. Last July, when I was gathering the material for this article, I wrote to the owner, who, with his wife, is a very keen gardener, asking what varieties they found most successful. I received a most helpful letter and with it a box of sprays snipped from each rose mentioned. Among those roses which climbed trees best he listed *R. filipes* Kiftgate, *gentiliana*, *wichuraiana*, *la Perle* and the rambler *Rose-Marie Viaud*. All of these, he went on to say, "have done their 20 ft. in six or seven years." First choice he gave to *R. gentiliana*, as "it is so strong and looks as if it would go to 40 ft." How right is this assessment! It is a rose with

fine gleaming foliage and a profusion of white flowers with brilliant stamens and a rich scent.

La Perle, a *wichuraiana* rambler, has clean glossy-leaved foliage and ivory-coloured flowers flushed yellow, with lots of petals and distinct quartering. The scent is delicious, and I use this adjective advisedly, as the scent is compounded of "the fragrance of fresh green apples and lemons," to quote a catalogue description. *Rose-Marie Viaud*, a *multiflora* rambler, has pale moss-green leaves and clusters of double flowers which combine violet, pink and bright

magenta. Here is the colouring I love, but there are those who will not agree. Alas, this lovely rose is scentless and, strangely enough, thornless as well, so we can chalk up both a debit and a credit.

Then there is *R. helenae*, not unlike *R. gentiliana*, and equally useful is a Himalayan climbing musk, *R. brunonii*, a wonderful rose for a protected site in a really mild climate, where its superb foliage and powerfully fragrant single white flowers can grow in lavish profusion. This rose and the even larger-flowered *La Mortola* need sun to ripen them; they are at their best in the south of France or gardens like the Villa Taranto on Lake Maggiore. The list is already too long, but I cannot omit a rose for which I have a sentimental attachment as well as a high opinion—*Silver Moon*—which has *R. laevigata* as one parent. It has many merits—it is perfectly hardy, as I have known it to withstand the sub-zero cold of rigorous New England winters; the foliage is glossy green, the buds are long, tapered, and soft yellow, and the very large single flowers fade from ivory to a silvery white. *Silver Moon* is particularly effective when growing over a tree, as the bold form of the flowers is visible at a distance.

Rosa sino-wilsonii is a tender species with the merits of handsome foliage, fragrant flowers and a good habit. Much hardier is an outstanding new hybrid from it—Sir Frederick Stern's enchanting *Wedding Day*. It is very vigorous, intensely fragrant, with pale yellow tapered buds which open to single white flowers. As the flowers mature they take on a pinkish cast as the result of myriads of tiny rosy spots. There is a fine vigorous specimen on an old tree in the Savill Gardens, and at Howard's House at Cardington, in Bedfordshire, it is fast taking over a wall of the delightful garden devoted to old roses. So my list grows, yet many possibilities must go unmentioned.

My final plea—do grow a rose or two over an old tree or hedgerow, and don't forget a honeysuckle as well, preferably through an old stunted apple tree, which still bears scented blossoms, although the apples are of no merit. Your professional gardener may want to remove it, but stand your ground. The combination of honeysuckle and roses through an apple tree is worth a battle.



3.—*HYDRANGEA PETIOLARIS* GROWING UP A FOREST TREE IN THE SAVILL GARDENS, WINDSOR PARK. "It is an ideal plant for woodland conditions." (Right) 4.—AN OUTSTANDING CLIMBING ROSE, *R. FILIPES*. It is here growing through a tree and over a dark yew hedge



THE BEDLINGTON TERRIER

By S. M. L' MPSON

AT first glance there is something rather effete about the appearance of the Bedlington terrier who, in his early days, was known as the Northern Counties fox terrier or the Rothbury terrier. The modern dog has a narrow, domed and somewhat snakelike head with a tuft of silky hair on the top, tasselled ears, small sunken eyes, a long arched neck and flat sides, arched loin and, when he walks, a mincing gait. Furthermore this is one of the very few breeds of terrier without a close or harsh coat; the dog should be clothed in thick, linty hair which has a tendency to twist and may be either blue, blue and tan, liver or sandy in colour. Let the dog's attention be caught by a rabbit down a field, or a rat moving along the side of a barn, and the whole picture changes. Gone is the impression of artificiality; the dog's eyes light up and sparkle, and he is

species. Two factors mainly controlled their development. First, the geography of the areas within which they were born, and the type of animal they were expected to hunt. Second, the dog who won a local reputation as a good, game worker was given most opportunity to propagate its kind. Since neither men nor their dogs travelled very far afield, by modern lights, the dogs of a given area soon became line-bred if not actually in-bred, and a similarity of appearance, as well as of characteristics, thus became established. This was particularly noticeable in the glens of the Highlands and the valleys and dales of the Border country.

With the publication of Sir Walter Scott's *Guy Mannering* in 1815 the general public first became aware of the existence of the type of terrier that is now known by the name of the character who owned them—Dandie Dinmont.

the two breeds sprang from the same stock. The short-legged, long-bodied Dandie was a suitable dog for the work in his own country, but the men south of the Border wanted a terrier of a different type—a fleet dog that would work the hedges and ditches and catch a rabbit; in fact, a diminutive lurcher. On looking at pictures of some of the early Bedlingtons one wonders whether the lurcher may not have had some share in the development of these working terriers.

The name Bedlington terrier seems to have come into use about 1825, or possibly a little earlier, but the dogs were certainly not widely known until some forty years later when there was correspondence in the *Field* about them. This cast some light on the breed's development, and we hear of the redoubtable Piper born about 1820 and owned by a Mr. Ainsley. This dog was first entered to badger when he was eight months old; after a life devoted to sport he saved his master's baby from a savage sow when he was fourteen and drew his last badger when he was old and toothless. Other famous early dogs, of whose appearance we know little and who have only come down to us as names to be valued in a pedigree, were the Moorhouse dog, the Reamington dog and the Bow Alley dog.

The year 1870 is usually said to be the one when Bedlingtons were first exhibited, but in fact there was a class for them at the Manchester Show held in 1869. It was won by Mr. T. O'Keefe's Major, who was by Peachem, also a prizewinner at the same show and who claimed descent from the previously mentioned Ainsley's Piper.

The Bedlington terriers of the last century were more heavily built and far tougher-looking specimens than the dogs of to-day, as one can prove by looking at the picture of Tyneside, whom Stonehenge considered sufficiently typical to be used as an illustration in his book.

The Bedlington terrier almost certainly had a big share in the development of the whippet; and the latter breed probably returned the compliment at a later date, when the Bedlington was being fined down and dolled up for exhibition purposes. One of the men who did most for the breed was Mr. W. J. Onions, whose associations with Bedlingtons began early in this century and lasted for many years; his Deckham prefix can still be seen in many of the modern pedigrees. The Misses Carr's Simonside kennel of successful dogs was largely descended from the Deckham strain.

The ending of the last war saw the Bedlington breed in a numerically weak state, and its breeders have reason to congratulate themselves on the way they have built it up again and produced such first-class animals as Ch. Foggyfurze Classic Cut and Ch. Tol-Pedn Fairmaid; the latter was best of her breed at this year's Crufts. The United States are always interested in our best Bedlington terriers, and many of them go overseas, where they are becoming increasingly popular.

The appearance of the Bedlington terrier may appeal to some and not to others, but whether one considers it quaint, charming or grotesque there is no doubt that there is an intelligent brain in that snake-like head and a stout heart under those deep flat ribs. Given the chance, he will give a good account of himself in a sporting capacity.



A SUCCESSFUL BLUE AND TAN BEDLINGTON, ENGLISH, AMERICAN AND CANADIAN CH. MIRAGE OF WYNBRIAK. "As a companion the Bedlington belies his sheep-like appearance, for he is extraordinarily quick to learn what is required of him"

away with the speed and action of a whippet; his muscular quarters, sloping shoulders and deep chest give him powers of endurance and great agility. The rat or rabbit is likely to meet his end with a quick snap of strong jaws and a flick of that long tapering neck.

As a companion the Bedlington belies his sheep-like appearance, for he is extraordinarily quick to learn what is required of him and apt to add a few amusing tricks of his own. He is amenable without being servile and game without being unduly aggressive, while his agility and light weight, somewhere between 18 and 23 lb., makes him a handy dog to take about. The late Mr. Theo Marples, who, in his day, was one of the most knowledgeable of canine experts, paid the Bedlington terrier the compliment of writing: "This is one of the gamest, most sensible and companionable of the Terrier varieties." Nevertheless, the breed has never attained great popularity. The reason usually advanced for this is that the general public find the trimming of his coat a difficult art to master; yet it is far easier to trim a Bedlington to a reasonable standard of tidiness than it is to barber the ubiquitous little poodles.

There is little written evidence about the origins of the Bedlington terrier, although there has been much discussion. To understand the history of any of the terriers one must accept the fact that before the last years of the 18th century there were no decisive breeds of terrier; they were simply the yeomen of the canine

These terriers, like the Bedlington, have tufts of soft hair on the top of their heads, wide, tasselled ears and arched loins. The character on whom Dandie Dinmont was based is believed to have been a Border notability named James Davidson, and there is quite an amount of reasonably reliable evidence to show that he got his original terriers, Old Pepper and Old Mustard, from the rip-roaring gypsy or tinkler types of men who met from time to time at one or other of the Border villages to match their terriers on badgers, wild cats or fougarts; these occasions usually ended up with a general dog-fight and drinking party. On the occasion when Jock Anderson, of the southern side of the Border, mated his courageous red bitch to an outstandingly game dog belonging to Georgy Farr, of Yetholm, it is said that among the resulting progeny were the first Pepper and Mustard, and there seems to be good reason to believe that it was from the same stock but on the other side of the Border that the Bedlington terrier descends.

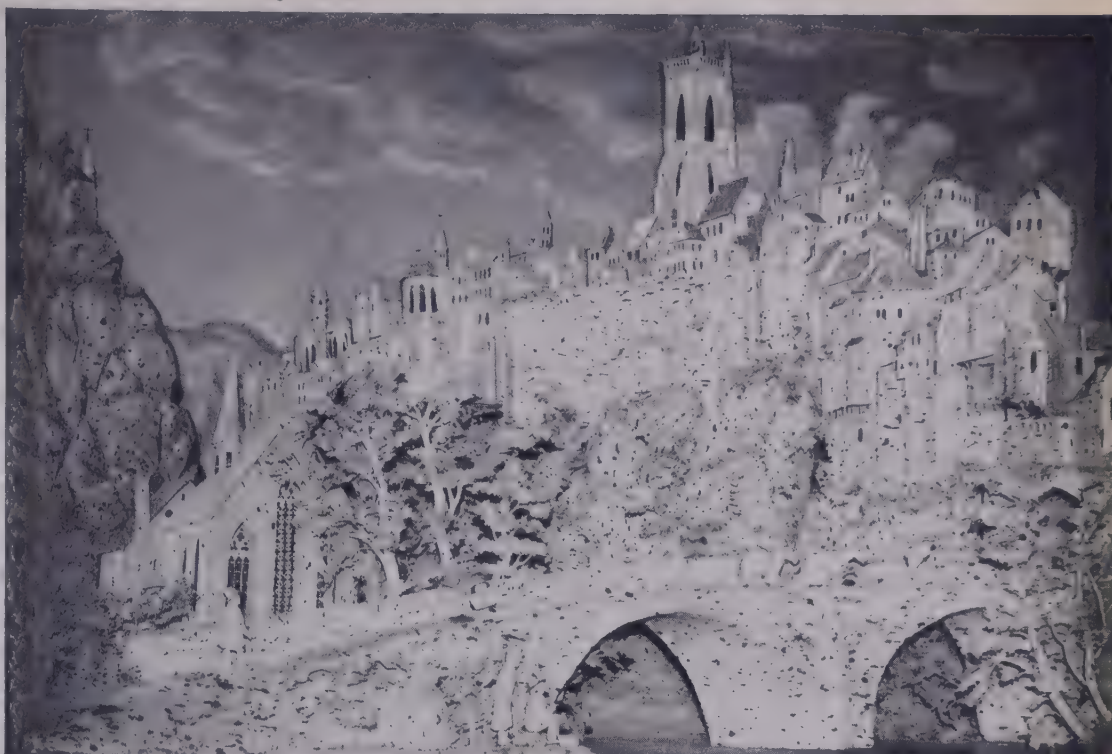
Hugh Dalziel in *British Dogs*, published in 1889, writes extensively but rather tentatively about the Bedlington terrier and his origins, and quotes a pedigree of a dog called Ask'Im II, whelped in 1874, which goes back in one line for seventeen generations to a dog called Old Flint, said to have been born in 1782. It is unwise to rely on such a pedigree, but the similarity of the dogs' names to those used for early Dandie Dinmonts lends strength to the suggestion that

CASTLES MADE OF CORK

By BEA HOWE

THERE is an interesting reference to the popularity of making cork models of castles and ruins in the early 19th century in Miss Mary Berry's *Journal*. That most busy and well-known socialité of her period, who went everywhere and knew everybody, was dining with the unfortunate Princess of Wales, one evening. "December 9, 1809: Dined with the Princess of Wales at Kensington at seven o'clock. Luckily it was not a cold night. The royal apartment very handsome both in size and fittings up; furniture, properly speaking, there is at present none. In the first room, some of the finest cork models I have ever seen, of all the principal ruins of Rome, and in all the rooms, very fine pictures, as far as we could judge by the light of two glimmering candles, carried in different hands." It is odd that her Royal Highness was allowed only two candles when entertaining company, especially as so many fine and glittering glass chandeliers hung in the Palace.

An early number of *Enquire Within*, that most instructive and intriguing of period manuals, gives close on three pages on how to make a cork castle, a cork ruin or a landscape in cork. Instructions call for the possession of such things as a sharp penknife, a pair of scissors and, of course, a glue-pot. The pastime was warmly recommended for ladies, in particular for lady travellers, as the material required was light to carry and easily come by. As work, it was clean, dry and lasting. Those ladies who wished to make "a ruin in cork" should remember to have pieces of moss, bark, powdered fluor-spar, dried ferns and grasses to hand. A fine cork landscape of Fribourg, in Switzerland, probably professionally executed, is at one of the Royal Botanic Gardens' museums at Kew (Fig. 1).



1.—AN EARLY-19th-CENTURY LANDSCAPE CARVED FROM CORK OF FRIBOURG IN SWITZERLAND. "The pastime was warmly recommended for ladies"

When Sir Walter Scott's *Waverley* novels began to appear, the vogue for making romantic castles in cork increased by leaps and bounds. Everywhere one went in polite society, young ladies were busy drawing and painting romantic views and landscapes for their own or their friends' albums of antique ruins, fallen pillars, broken Roman columns, classic urns and pedestals, hermits' gloomy caves or pseudo-Greek temples by moonlight. From these views it was easy to progress to making a castellated country mansion or Scottish castle complete with pepper-pot tower in cork. Small-scale

models followed of ancient churches and cathedrals or well-known historical monuments such as Fountains Abbey or Corfe Castle.

In my possession is a particularly fine cork picture of a castle. The castle is set against a black-velvet surround, oval in shape, and is in its original pale-gilt frame under crown glass of a steely tinge. Its twin towers rise from a wood and it has a moat and tiny drawbridge. The sky is painted in, and the delicate blue colour contrasts admirably with the brownish-yellow colouring of the cork.

Another similar picture (Fig. 2) shows a castle placed on a hillside whose slopes are marked with small dwellings. In the distance is an arched bridge, with a township behind. This picture has been most delicately carved and may be Knaresborough Castle, in Yorkshire, as this name is minutely printed at the base of the picture. Ladies, one feels, had to be very sure indeed of their skill before attempting to work in this medium. One slip of their knife and irrevocable damage could be done.

Another charming little cork castle picture that I have seen was placed against a finely-worked paper surround and framed in an oval gilt frame. It showed a castellated house with a single slim tower from which flew a pennant, and might well have been the actual portrait of the maker's home, as the details were so lovingly put in. Under a magnifying glass every small slit window, every piece of stone ornamentation on the house and every arch was plainly visible. In the lock painted behind the house a minute cork ship lay at anchor.

Cork pictures are still being made in Spain and sold as tourist souvenirs along the Costa Brava. But these *Recuerdos de España* lack the charm and skill of our early-19th-century cork pictures—those romantic castles, under glass, which have often survived the sad passing of their originals.



2.—A CASTLE IN CORK, POSSIBLY KNARESBOROUGH, YORKSHIRE

A FINE UNIVERSITY MATCH

A Golf Commentary by
BERNARD DARWIN

FOR three days I lived in fear that the weather would ruin the University golf match at Rye last week-end. We had snow showers, but a most exciting match was duly finished. It is impossible not to talk of the diabolical weather and I must add this criticism, which was emphasised by the bitter cold. Why will some of the young gentlemen play at such a ludicrously slow pace? I suppose they cannot be persuaded that they are making a fool of a noble game, but this attitudinising and considering and taking of numberless imaginary putts is farcical and quite in vain no doubt. Bogey for a round is now about three hours and a quarter. Need more be said?

So much for that heartfelt little sermon, and now to business. Cambridge won a thrilling match by eight points to seven, and as a partisan and patriot, I was naturally delighted, but I cannot help thinking that my side were lucky. They made a splendid recovery in the last round, but, being obviously the stronger side, they had thrown away so many chances in the preceding three rounds that I felt that Fate had been a little forgiving to them. I take off my hat to Oxford for fighting so hard and well. They had earned a halved match.

In the foursomes Dexter and Churchill of Cambridge were palpably a pair of higher class than any other. They made mistakes, but they always looked good and Dexter's length was now and again terrific. He seems to me a grand driver and a good and delicate putter, but he makes too many mistakes with iron clubs. He gets so far that his pitches to the green are easier than he makes them appear. Churchill is a good golfer who plays well and easily, and this was a really strong couple. When they won the last two holes of the first round to be three up, Cambridge anxiety was at an end. I thought the left-handed Wheeler earned much glory on the Oxford side. His captain and partner, Proctor, had a bad day, but he shouldered the ensuing burden with great courage and played very well indeed. The second foursome was a blow for Cambridge. Chapman was by no means so sure as usual, and Grant, a player of dashing potentialities, was rather wild. On the other side Parry-Jones, whom I hail as a hope of Merioneth, was sturdy and strong, if too deliberate, and Littlewood doubled the parts of first and second strings with coolness and judgement. Having been four up with six to play, they lost three holes in a row, but hung on bravely and won as they deserved by two and one. The third Cambridge pair, Cooper and Bowater, were in great form, both putting admirably, and clung close to fours. In point of score, theirs was probably the best golf of the day. The fourth



E. R. DEXTER, THE CAMBRIDGE CAPTAIN, PUTTING IN THE UNIVERSITY GOLF MATCH AT RYE. Cambridge beat Oxford by 8 points to 7

match, with one Steel brother on each side, always looked likely to go to Oxford, as indeed it did. Perhaps Cambridge suffered from an elder brother complex, but I am no psychoanalyst. The last match took a very long time, and most people were nursing the blazing fire in the bar long before it had finished. No doubt at all that Winter and Haines, of Oxford, both careful and accurate players, were better than Mills and Carr, who did not in fact look very good. Here again it was difficult not to grow a little bored with such excessive painstaking.

And so to the singles, which produced the most violent fluctuations and left Cambridge supporters at lunch time in a state of considerable depression. Cambridge depended largely on their first four men. In particular it seemed to me, and I have no doubt it seemed to him also, that Dexter had simply got to win. This was a heavy responsibility and in the morning it was almost too much for him. Proctor playing up with great spirit and much better than in the foursomes, generally kept his nose just in front in some rather rough-and-tumble golf with plenty of good things and some bad ones, especially on the greens. When Dexter finished with a 5 and 6 to be three down, things looked ominous for Cambridge. They looked worse when Chapman, having been four up, was pulled down to all square by the intrepid Parry-Jones. Churchill and Cooper both did their part and Bowater shot far ahead of Littlewood, but Christian, Grant, Mills and

Carr were all down, the last two irretrievably down. Oxford were leading in five matches and had the priceless one point from the foursomes in hand. They were full of fight and hope and were no longer the underdogs, but the favourites to be cheered to victory.

However, the Cambridge bolt was far from shot and for myself I soon realised that I had had too little faith. Dexter began the recovery as a captain should; he won the 2nd, 3rd and 4th holes in 3, 4, 4 to square the match. Proctor was far from yielding and soon became one up again with a two at the 5th, but somehow one had the feeling that now the big, strong man could just do it. Yet it was a desperately near thing and I believe I saw the hole, the eleventh, which turned the whole tide of victory, not merely for Dexter but for his side. He was one down and had played a rather mild, weak pitch into the hollow before the green; Proctor had played a beauty a few yards past the hole. That looked very like two down and then anything might happen. In fact Dexter played a lovely chip to within a yard. Proctor went for the hole, ran four feet past and missed in coming back and in a twinkling of an eye all was changed and the match was square again. From that moment Dexter looked like winning. He hit some huge shots and some weak ones, but he seemed in control and got home with a fine three on the 17th.

Now there was a general Cambridge spurt. Chapman, at last playing his real game, drew away, though not easily, from Parry-Jones and Churchill was four up on Kent, a freshman who will be, I think, a thorn in Cambridge's side in future years. Bowater, in tremendous form, had murdered poor Littlewood; Christian, another freshman of the greatest promise, crisp and firm and confident, was getting his nose in front of the Oxford Steel and doing everything in fours. Wheeler was beating the Cambridge Steel, as I thought he must, but that could be afforded if only Cooper could beat Nalder. Unfortunately for Cambridge Nalder was not easily tamed; having been three down he was one up at the tenth. At this point Cooper, who putted really well on both days, holed a most telling one for a three. And now it gradually became apparent that this was the match and all the world collected round the moving cockpit with Nalder and Cooper in the middle of it. Nalder played the 16th like a champion—three perfect shots for a great three—and that was all square. The 17th was halved. At the home hole Nalder, with his fourth shot, a beautiful chip, hit the pin. Whether his ball would have gone in if there had been no pin there no man can say, but one cannot have these things both ways. Cooper was left with a 6-foot putt for the hole and match. He holed it like a man, and with a wild war-whoop Cambridge suddenly realised that the whole match was won. It was a fine get-out and for the third successive year the losers of the foursomes had won the match.



S. K. PROCTOR, THE OXFORD CAPTAIN, DRIVING IN HIS SINGLE AGAINST DEXTER. Proctor was beaten 2 and 1

A CAMBRIDGE REVIVAL IN ATHLETICS

By O. L. OWEN

CAMBRIDGE athletics came back into its own after ten years of failure, and all too often heavy defeat, by achieving a decisive victory in the University Match, at the White City, on Saturday. For a change, they had been expected to win, but hardly by the amount they did—79 points to 47, the result of ten firsts, nine seconds and two thirds in the 14 events.

In this way, also, Cambridge made a timely spurt in the books of records, which now show the two universities level at 39 victories apiece, with six ties, in one of the oldest of all sporting fixtures. The first match, in 1864, was limited to eight events and, appropriately enough perhaps, each side started off by winning four. No less appropriately they are once more all square after 84 encounters.

Happy to relate, also, Oxford and Cambridge continue to play their important part in athletics as a whole, in spite of growing competition—perhaps because of it!—and almost in defiance of a tradition which persists in holding the University Match out of season and certainly at a time of the year more likely to produce stormy blasts than gentle zephyrs which warm the heart as well as loosen the muscles.

On this occasion, moreover, it was not only a stormy but an icy blast which swept the White City Stadium and turned one of the most delightful of all sporting meetings into an ordeal for competitors, officials and spectators alike.

As usual, the time of year severely limited the number of spectators—a sad pity—and many of these emerged from the tea-rooms only whenever a loud shout invited their close attention. The runners, however, remained as keen as ever to win, or at least get into a point-scoring place—5, 3, 1 was the allotment—and one can only describe the long-suffering competitors in the field events as heroes comparable with Antarctic explorers. Perhaps the poorest possible joke to make during the afternoon was that which attempted to insinuate that, after all, the match was being held in the spring—just!

As it happened, B. E. Wardley won the High Jump for Cambridge at 6ft. 1in., with J. Kitching, last year's winner, and D. F. Luke (Oxford) second and third respectively at the same height. As the other Oxford jumper was only 1 in. lower, the event became quite a notable affair. Never before had all four competitors in the match cleared 6ft. The event was preceded by an entertaining little ceremony—highly unofficial—in which a model of a "made-up" shoe was suspended from the bar of the jump in serio-comic protest against the



J. R. A. SCOTT-OLDFIELD (CAMBRIDGE) WINNING THE 220 YARDS FROM J. R. C. YOUNG (OXFORD) IN THE UNIVERSITY ATHLETICS MATCH (AT THE WHITE CITY. Cambridge beat Oxford by 79 points to 47

decision of Cambridge to use the shoe as long as the law permitted.

The first track event, the 100 yards, produced the first of two trials of strength, or rather speed, between J. R. C. Young, Oxford's Rugby international wing, and the outstanding J. R. A. Scott-Oldfield, who was down to represent Cambridge in no fewer than four events on the track. Scott-Oldfield won two of them and finished second in the others, but in this, the shorter of the sprints—surely, as races are run to-day, the 440 yards might be included as a third—he was beaten. Young got too well away and ran on much too strongly for Scott-Oldfield's longer stride to have any effect in the closing stages. Alas! even the winning time for this race was scarcely up to modern expectations—male or female. Happily, the bitter, almost paralysing, cold was ample explanation, and nobody was silly or impolite enough to call out, "Send for Miss Marlene Matthews"—the Australian girl who the other day set up a new world record of 10.3 secs. for women. That was one-fifth of a second faster than Young's time on Saturday. But, of course, Australia and the White City over that bitter week-end hardly bore comparison for the purposes of athletics.

Later, in the 220 yards, though he ran well for much of the way, Young was decisively beaten in the straight by Scott-Oldfield. The times, again, were far from impressive as judged by up-to-date standards. Half an hour or so later, Scott-Oldfield had this third run, in the 220 yards low hurdles, which he won in fine style, after a slowish beginning, from another Cambridge man, M. C. Robinson. This event, run on the eastern half of the stadium, and so protected to some extent from the icy wind, was won in 25.1 secs., a time which at least improved upon the winning times of 1952, 1953 and 1954.

Finally, in the last race of the day, the 440 yards, Scott-Oldfield, running in the foremost lane, finished behind the strongly-built R. H. Thomson, his second string. Even so, Scott-Oldfield's contribution to the Cambridge victory was great enough, for he scored 16 of his side's 79 points.

Oxford won only one event on the track apart from the 100 yards, but the victory of J. Winch in the Mile well deserved to be regarded as about the best bit of running at the meeting, especially in the conditions. His companion, S. H. James, more or less set the pace, the half-mile being covered in 2 mins. 7.5 secs. M. J. Rowbottom, who was the chief Cambridge contestant, seized a lead at the bell, but he could not quite keep it up and Winch's final sprint, which covered well over 100 yards, had

the Cambridge man beaten by 10 yards in the excellent time of 4 mins. 10.2 secs.—4-min. miles or no 4-min. miles! It seems worthy of recall that Bannister's winning time in 1950 was 4 mins. 14.8 sec. and those of Chataway in the two following years, 4 mins. 16.4 sec. and 4 mins. 10.2 sec. The fastest inter-university mile so far has been A. D. Gordon's 4 mins. 6.2 sec. in 1956.

The withdrawal of Oxford's D. I. B. Smith in the 880 yards, ranked as a bit of bad luck, apart from the fact that it deprived his side of the man best able to press really hard the Cambridge President, D. Thornton. P. Abrahams, who had to leave the Mile to take Smith's place, made a good effort but was no match for Thornton at the finish. Abrahams also replaced P. T. J. Banner, who had run in the Mile, in the Three Miles and had to rest content with earning a badly needed point for third place. Cambridge once again had available the strong and experienced R. Dunkley and, though J. G. Eales trailed him bravely and well for most of the way, there was only one man in it in the last half-mile. It was, perhaps, too much to expect Dunkley's time to equal that of last year, but he had the race so much in hand that almost certainly he could easily have improved on 14 mins. 5.2 secs. had he been pressed to do so.

Cambridge provided the first two home in the High Hurdles, in which the opposition did not seem to be particularly strong. They also piled up the points in the Pole Vault and Javelin. In the former event, J. R. McManus did well enough to clear 12 ft. 6 ins. In the Javelin, Cambridge had in J. Kitching and J. M. Clayton on such a day two men who seemed capable of something out of the ordinary, but, although Kitching went to 197 feet 6 ins., Clayton was nearly 16 feet behind his own record best.

Oxford, for their part, scored eight points to one in the Discus through A. G. Siler and G. R. Northern and also found a winner in D. W. Churchill in the Long Jump. In the Weight, however, it was not surprising to find Siler, Oxford's holder of the title, beaten by D. R. Harrison, who had to his credit a putt of 49 ft. 1½ ins., which, so one understands, he had achieved in a snowstorm. There was no snow on this occasion, but the bitter cold no doubt helped to limit Harrison's winning putt to 46 ft. 10 ins.

Oxford could not have relished so heavy a defeat in the match, but, like all who love athletics, they were bound to welcome the timely revival of Cambridge after so many years of comparative eclipse.



J. KITCHING (CAMBRIDGE), WINNER OF THE JAVELIN EVENT WITH A THROW OF 197 FEET 6 INCHES



1.—THE ENTRANCE FRONT AND FORECOURT FROM THE SOUTH-WEST

HAWKSTONE HALL, SHROPSHIRE—I

FORMERLY THE SEAT OF THE HILLS ◊ By ARTHUR OSWALD

A brick house, built about 1700, was embellished by Richard Hill between 1719 and 1725, remodelled by his nephew, who added the wings, and further altered and enlarged in the 1830s from designs by Lewis Wyatt. Hawkstone is now a house of the Redemptorist Fathers and known as St. Joseph's

BETWEEN Wem and Hodnet the broad plain of North Shropshire is interrupted by a group of hills rising unexpectedly out of the flat country and forming a broken tract of rock and woodland scenery which holds startling surprises for anyone leaving the main roads from Shrewsbury and Wellington to Whitchurch that pass on either side of it. In the 18th century, and well into the 19th, the park of Hawkstone was celebrated for its romantic and picturesque qualities. Its awe-inspiring cliffs, its grotto and the magnificence of its views made a profound impression on Dr.

Johnson, who was only one of many eminent tourists who went to see its wonders. Although these hills do not rise much above 500 ft., they command views of astonishing range, northwards deep into Cheshire (Fig. 7), westwards to the Welsh mountains, southwards to the Wrekin; and the sense of altitude is immensely enhanced by the fearsome precipices with which the heights break off abruptly to the west and north. But the scenic aspects of Hawkstone must be reserved for subsequent articles. Here we are concerned with the great house that stands below the northern slope of the Hawkstone

ridge rather more than two miles north-west of Hodnet. From its early Georgian appearance one would not suspect the complicated building history it turns out to have had; but, although of uncertain origin and several times altered, it cannot be disassociated from the great Richard Hill, who, laying aside the career of a clergyman to become an administrator and diplomatist, founded the fortunes of the Hills of Hawkstone and also those of the Noel-Hills of Attingham.

It was Richard Hill who, in the early years of the 18th century, built up the Hawkstone estate, which was subsequently increased in size by his nephew. The manor of Hawkstone, however, had been in the possession of his family since 1556, when it was acquired by Sir Rowland Hill, Lord Mayor of London. Sir Rowland had made his fortune as a London merchant, but he was a member of an ancient Shropshire family. He never married, and in 1560, the year before his death, he made a settlement of his estates, by which Hawkstone passed to Humphrey, son of his second brother, Ralph, and his descendants. He had made extensive purchases of lands that had belonged to religious houses in the north of Shropshire and the adjoining counties, but most of these were settled on his nieces. The Hills of Hawkstone seem to have lived in a modest way for more than a century. Three Rowlands, son, grandson and great-grandson of Humphrey, succeeded. The last, father of Richard Hill, died in 1700, by which time his son was already a wealthy man. Blakeaway, the Shrewsbury historian, tells a story of the father saying: "My son Dick makes money very fast: God send that he gets it honestly."

"The Honourable and Reverend" Richard Hill, though in a different capacity, repeated the success story of Sir Rowland, whom he also imitated by remaining a bachelor. He was elected a fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, after he had graduated, and he was ordained deacon, but he did not take priest's orders until much later in life. Through Lord Ranelagh's influence he was appointed Deputy Paymaster of the forces in Flanders and in that office, which he held during William III's



2.—HAWKSTONE ABOUT 1840 AFTER LEWIS WYATT'S ALTERATIONS. FROM A LITHOGRAPH



3.—THE WEST FRONT OF THE MAIN BUILDING

campaigns (1692-7), he found opportunities of making money by what one of his contemporaries called "lucrative arithmetick." He also acted as English envoy at Brussels. Other diplomatic missions followed. He was envoy to the Elector of Bavaria and from 1703 to 1706 at the court of the Duke of Savoy, whom he persuaded to abandon Louis XIV and join the Grand Alliance. Hill was also on the council of Prince George of Denmark from 1702 until the Prince's death in 1708, after which he retired from public affairs. He was made a fellow of Eton in 1714 and is said to have refused a bishopric.

In his retirement Hill spent most of his time either at Richmond or at his house in Cleveland Court, St. James's. At Richmond he lived in what is now called Trumpeter's House. In the lease which he obtained in 1700 it is described as "the Garden Gatehouse called the Trumpeting House" "within the circuit of the ancient Palace." Hill built a new house on the site, giving it the fine Doric portico that distinguishes it. The portico at Chelsea Hospital seems to have inspired this, but the design may have been Hill's own, for it is obviously a feature applied to the red brick house, and too large in scale for it, and, as we shall see, Hill had a penchant for "portiques." His builder was John Yeomans or Yemans, bricklayer of Hampton, who in 1700 had contracted for the brickwork of William Lowndes's house at Winslow in Buckinghamshire. Over the design of Winslow Hall Lowndes probably consulted Wren, as Hill may also have done at Richmond.

Though he was a bachelor, Hill's dominating ambition was to build up a great landed estate in Shropshire, with Hawkstone as the family seat. This was designed for his nephew, Rowland, son of his brother, John, who had died in 1713. But there were three other nephews for whom he also provided. Up to his death he was ceaselessly engaged in buying up suitable property for settlement on his nephews. Miss E. M. Jancey has given details of these activities in an account of Richard Hill recently published in the *Transactions of the Shropshire Archaeological Society* (Vol. lv). The sons of his twin sisters, Elizabeth Barbour and Margaret Harwood, were the other principal beneficiaries. Margaret Harwood's elder son, Thomas, founded the Attingham line, taking the name of Hill; he received the manor of Atcham and lived at Tern Hall, later replaced by Attingham. Elizabeth's son, Samuel Barbour, left no children, and his estates were divided between Rowland, of Hawkstone, and Thomas, of Tern.

It is uncertain whether the house at Hawkstone was entirely rebuilt by Richard Hill in two stages or whether his father, Rowland, rebuilt it in a simple form and Richard subsequently remodelled and beautified it. The father's will suggests that he was a man of very modest means, so that if a rebuilding was

carried out before 1700 it is likely to have been done with his son's money. Unfortunately, the documentary evidence does not go back so far. For the alterations to the house effected between 1719 and 1725 we have a series of letters written to Richard Hill by his agent at Hawkstone, John Dicken, and the drawing (Fig. 4), which is endorsed in Hill's hand "Hawkstone 1720." There are also letters from Francis Chambre, who was sent by Hill to supervise the lay-out and planting of the gardens and grounds. These documents are among the Hill papers from the Attingham collection deposited in the County Record Office at Shrewsbury, and I am greatly indebted to Miss Jancey for providing me with extracts from the letters and a photograph of the drawing. Permission to quote from the letters has kindly been given by Lady Berwick and the National Trust.

George Morris in his *Shropshire Genealogies* states that Richard Hill gave orders for the erection of a handsome house at Hawkstone "which it is said he never had the curiosity to visit while it was building." The letters confirm this tradition, for there is no hint in them that

Hill ever came to Shropshire while the alterations were in progress. At this period he seems seldom to have stirred from Richmond, and he conducted both his negotiations over the purchase of the property and the superintendence of the building at long range. He took a keen interest in all that was being done. Drawings were sent to him for his approval, and it is clear from the letters that he was consulted at every stage. Unfortunately, little survives of Hill's side of the correspondence, but one letter, which appeared in a London sale-room in 1954 and is now in the Salop Record Office, shows that he had a practical as well as a theoretical knowledge of architecture. A beam to support a brick wall, "wch must be at least brick & half thick," will have to be "of very good & strong stuff"; "the case or molding" round a window is to be of "grinsell (Grinshill) stone"; he sends "a rude plan" to express his meaning;

the mason is to be told that "if his pilasters are but 6 inches broad, tis too too little; and I wish he could double that breadth at least." Hill's interest in architecture is also to be inferred from the appearance of his name among the subscribers to Leoni's English edition of Palladio and to Colin Campbell's *Vitruvius Britannicus*.

Dicken's letters, Miss Jancey informs me, make no allusion to building matters from 1712 up to 1719. When in that year work on the house began, it was by way of embellishment of an existing building, to which "portiques" were added at the north and south ends. The drawing of 1720 (Fig. 4), which may be assumed to be the elevation of the west or entrance front, shows a characteristic late-17th-century house with a recessed centre and hipped roofs crowned by a large cupola, but it is adorned with an order of Corinthian pilasters carrying sections of entablature and vases, and there are narrow flanking pavilions with lower roofs. It is difficult to decide whether the pilasters were in existence in 1720 or were proposed embellishments. When the drawing is compared with the west front as it is to-day (Fig. 3), it will be seen



4.—A DRAWING OF THE ENTRANCE FRONT ENDORSED IN RICHARD HILL'S HAND "HAWKSTONE 1720." Reproduced by kind permission of Lady Berwick and the National Trust

that the common factor is the nine-window width, but the centre has been brought forward and an attic storey added.

The building of the north and south "portiques" occupied the years 1719 to 1723. Work seems to have proceeded in a somewhat leisurely fashion. Dicken acted as clerk of the works and paid the men out of rents coming to hand. The mason at Hawkstone was William Price, the carpenter, William Renshaw. Price made drawings which were sent to Hill for his approval or alteration. In July, 1724, he went to London on some business "wth a sister who lives there" and also to "wait upon" Hill at Richmond, but there is nothing to suggest that he was not a Shropshire man. The surname is too common for an assumption that he was related to John Price, the builder and architect, who was employed for a time by the Duke of Chandos at Cannons (though when he designed and built St. George's Chapel at Great Yarmouth in 1714 he was described as "of Richmond, Surrey"). A relationship with Francis Price, the carpenter and architect, who became surveyor for Salisbury Cathedral, would be a still more remote supposition.

When Hill wrote the letter (July 11, 1719) from which quotations have already been made, he had received a "plan of ye portique" and this from a subsequent letter of Dicken's can be identified as the one at the north end. It would seem that there were recesses between the pavilions at the corners, and that they were filled by the "portiques," which consisted of a range of pillars forming a loggia and supporting a storey finished with a pediment. Hill's letter refers to "ye pedement room, wch is to be over ye portique" and he was concerned that the

beam or beams above the pillars should be strong enough to support the brick wall of the room above. The north "portique" was finished in the summer of 1720, as Dicken reported in a letter dated July 30 of that year. The south "portique" was not built until 1722. It was to be begun, Dicken wrote on February 23, "as soon as the weather will permitt to break open the rooffe of the house"; and on June 8 he reported: "The Portique at Hawkstone was up and covered before the late rains fell to doe any damage." This same year (1723) a new farmhouse was built a little distance north-east of the house. Simultaneously with the building works improvements were being made to the surroundings of the house. A great avenue of elms was planted to the west, two forecourts, an inner and an outer, were formed, and plantations and walks were made on the rising ground to the east. All or most of the time John Hill's widow and her children were living in the house—a rather uncomfortable life one imagines



5.—THE SOUTH-WEST WING. THE SOUTH END WAS CURTAILED AND FINISHED WITH AN APSE IN THE EARLY YEARS OF THIS CENTURY

In 1724 attention was turned to the west front. Writing on June 17 Dicken sent two drawings to Hill:

... Wm Price has brought me a Draught of Hawkstone house as the front now is wth another Draught of ye same front with fluted Pilasters with Corinthian Capitalls wth an Addition of a pediment. ... Wm Price saies the Pilasters to ye East front are after the Dorick order as also the North & South Portiques but he thinks the best front ought to be according to ye draught which he submits to your honours better judgment.

Here at last we come to a recognisable portion of the present Hawkstone, for while the north and south "portiques" have both disappeared, the central feature which Hill gave the west front remains (Fig. 3). It is possible that the drawing reproduced is Price's "draught" of the front as it was. In the same letter Dicken remarked: "The Stoneworke now in the front was done with Dunge Stone and looks but something black and dirty." This was local stone quarried from the Dunge.

It was on July 3, 1724, that Price set out for London and Richmond to wait upon his Honour and by the 25th he had returned and had shown Dicken "what alterations are to be made to the west front." In October Price and his men were working on the stone for the four pillars, and in November a carver arrived "to worke upon the Capitall stones." The carver's name is not mentioned, but he is later described as "a very ingenious man"; he charged only £13, which Price thought very cheap, "for tho the man has been a sorry husband he is an absolute workman," and Price went on to say, Dicken wrote, "The Carver has lived so regular at Hawkstone that he will save more money by this piece of worke than he has done for 7 yeares past." Work on the west front went on through the summer of 1725, and on November 27 Chambre was able to write: "The Mason W. Price has finished ye front of ye house & put up ye iron gates & pillars thereto wch are a great beauty to ye house." In all Price received £120 "for the new frontispiece."

When Hill died, in 1727, Hawkstone must have presented a curious appearance, if we think of the house as shown in Fig. 4, but having pedimented porticos on the north and south sides and in the middle of the entrance front. On the entrance front Hill seems to have filled in the recess in the centre and set his Corinthian columns slightly forward from the walls on either side, but the wall between the columns dates only from the alterations of 1832 and the present doorway and windows are the result of further alterations made by the late Lord Marchamley in the early years of this century. The engraving in Neale's *Seats* (1827) clearly shows the two middle columns as free-standing and the entrance doorway set back in a wall



6.—THE CENTRAL FEATURE OF THE EAST FRONT, CIRCA 1740

several yards behind, no doubt the original external wall of the centre of the front shown in the drawing of 1720. A pair of stone sphinxes adorn the plinths flanking the stone steps. Evidently the pediment with its carvings was not finished before 1727, for the arms of Hill in the cartouche have the red hand of Ulster. Richard Hill was offered and refused a baronetcy for himself, but procured one for his nephew, Rowland. This was granted on January 20, 1727, five months before Richard Hill's death.

Sir Rowland was a young man of 22 when he succeeded and he lived until 1783. Nightingale, in his volume on Shropshire in *The Beauties of England and Wales* (1813), states that he was responsible for the addition of the two wings that are linked by quadrants to the main building and also for "many other improvements." In fact, he seems to have remodelled the main block by adding the attic

between the pilasters with masks on the keystones of the windows and consoles on those of the blank panels above; the frieze is adorned with ox-skulls. As on the west front, the pediment is finished with three vases on pedestals.

Sir Rowland's improvements may have gone on over a period of fifteen or twenty years. The form which he gave the house with four pyramidal towers at the corners is of a kind favoured in the '40s and '50s as exemplified at Lydiard Tregoze, Hagley and Croome, though at Hawkstone the towers, if they can be so called, barely disengage themselves from the attic storey. The treatment of the windows is in the Gibbsian manner that was propagated by the Smiths of Warwick. The wings added by Sir Rowland originally had a five-window length. Their Doric pilasters divided the long sides into three sections and the facing doorways with curved pediments were in the middle (Fig. 5)

were made for Sir Rowland Hill, the fourth baronet, who succeeded in 1824 and in 1842 inherited the viscounty bestowed on his uncle, the general of Peninsular War fame. They will be considered in greater detail in the second article. The principal changes to the exterior which they entailed were at the south-east and north-east angles. A large drawing-room was formed at the south-east angle, and this was balanced by a new kitchen to the north-east. Wyatt also heightened the quadrant walls and behind the southern one formed a winter garden with large southward-facing windows. The appearance of the house after these changes is shown in two lithographs of about 1840. A portion of one of them, reproduced by kind permission of Sir Alexander Stanier, is shown for comparison with the same view to-day (Fig. 2).

Following the death of the third Viscount



7.—THE VIEW FROM GROTTA HILL LOOKING NORTH OVER THE HAWK LAKE

storey, carrying up the end bays as towers with pyramidal roofs, and embellishing the windows with architraves and keystones, perhaps also raising the pediment of Richard Hill's "frontispiece." If the fronts had previously been decorated with pilasters as shown in the drawing of 1720, these were removed. On the east front the central feature has a greater projection (Fig. 6). There is nothing in Dicken's letters to suggest that this was built in Richard Hill's time, although in his letter of June 17, 1724, he quotes William Price as saying "the Pilasters to ye East front are after the Dorick order as also the North and South Portiques." This projection contains the east end of a great saloon, two storeys high, which will be illustrated next week. Its decoration is in the style of William Kent and may be dated not earlier than the 1730s. The saloon was, no doubt, the most important of Sir Rowland's improvements, and it is probable that the projection was made to give the room the length required for it. The elevation of this feature has rusticated walling

These wings have been three times altered. Sir Richard, the second baronet, Sir Rowland's son and successor, about 1785 added a three-sided terminal projecting at a lower level from the outer end of each wing. In his addition to the south-west wing he formed a chapel. In early guides to Hawkstone and in Neale's description the chapel and library are said to have been in the north wing, but this is probably a mistake. Local tradition and internal evidence point to the south wing as their location. In William IV's reign, when Lewis Wyatt made extensive alterations to the house, the parapets of the wings were heightened, the second baronet's excrescences were removed, and the ends were finished with three-sided bays carried up the full height. Finally, in the first decade of this century the late Lord Marchamley had the wings curtailed and finished with the present apsidal terminations (Figs. 1 and 5). In the lower portion of the south wing he formed a small indoor swimming-pool.

Lewis Wyatt's alterations and additions

Hill in 1895, a sale was held by his successor, and after the house had stood empty for some years, Hawkstone was purchased by Mr. George Whiteley, who was raised to the peerage in 1908 as Baron Marchamley of Hawkstone. Some of the alterations which he made have been indicated. They include the present entrance doorway, above which his and his wife's initials are carved. For a few years after the first World War Hawkstone was owned by Sir William Cresswell Gray. In 1926 the house with about 25 acres of the estate was acquired by the Redemptorist Fathers (the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer) as a house of higher studies for the English province of the order, and it is now known as St. Joseph's. A further 60 acres on the hill side were subsequently purchased. A church, built a few yards to the south of the house and designed to conform with its character, was opened in 1932. Its architect was Mr. George Bernard Cox of Birmingham. The pediment of its west front can be seen in Fig. 3.

(To be concluded)

SPRING IN THE HIGH WOODS

Written and Illustrated by WILLIAM CONDRY

JAMES THOMSON'S notion of spring: "Come, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness, come" is as we all know in our fitful climate only a convention of poets. I suppose it arose because poetry in his day had long been saturated by influences from Greece and Italy, where spring is a more certain season. We know spring as the opposite of gentle; if it is really mild one day, the wind is pretty sure to go round into the north the next and blow us a blizzard. As a Scotsman, Thomson ought to have known better.

But even in Britain there are two sorts of spring: the prolonged, less unkind spring of the plain and the late arriving, icy-fingered spring of the mountains. The people of the Welsh uplands have an expressive word, *hirlwm*, which means "long bleakness" and which refers to those endless weeks that drag between mid-winter and the time when the grass begins to grow again in mountain pastures.

Hirlwm is the word that comes to my mind when I think of spring creeping into the high woods that stretch black along the wintry hillsides, and do not even yellow until after the valley woods are deep in leaves. What a glad time that is when you can make a mid-May scramble up through the mossy rocks, up into the oaks, and see the unfurling leaves turning from yellow to palest green, and see the long, thin, male catkins hanging for the bees. In such a wood you are not confronted with bare trunks merely, but live for a while in close intimacy with high branches, buds and leaves. You have tree-tops all about you, even below you, and chaffinches shouting into your ears. You clamber on to a rock the size of a cottage and can examine the flowering twigs without so much as reaching for them.

Of course they are never great trees, these contorted, crag-grasping oaks of the old rocks of Celtic Britain. No "wooden walls" ever came from them, only fuel for furnaces, bark



THE HUMBLE BUT UNIQUE MOSCHATEL. "What other plant unfolds, from a yellow pinhead bud, a cube of four green clock-faces with a fifth looking skywards?"

for tannin, stakes for fencing. I know that Cowper wrote:

*Sage beneath a spreading oak
Sai the Druid, hoary chief*

but that was no mountain oak but one of the great pedunculate oaks of the lowlands, the sort that Shakespeare knew in Arden. But it was as a mountain tree that Sir Walter Scott knew the oak:

*Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock.*

Yes, that is just how they grow. Many an acorn has sprouted in the heart of a cleft rock and produced an oak that for want of root-hold has had to anchor itself by spreading its trunk flat across a face of rock to grip its edges as a man does in climbing.

Other trees flourish among the oaks, notably birch and thorn and ash. Of these the ashes are much the last to leaf, and you can pick them out clearly in the woods in late spring by their still bare, whitish branches sticking out like antlers above the leafing oaks, their thick bold twigs curving against the sky. In summer you can know the ashes from afar by their different green; often a belt of grey-green among the bright green oaks and lying in a straight line down a woodside from top to bottom. Not planted so by man as you might at first suppose, but because some stream flows or some dampness seeps down the woodside there. For ash loves the damper places provided the moisture is neither excessive nor stagnant; not because it is a great drinker but because it loves the richer soil that gathers along the runnels and streamsides.

Who does not like to feel the smooth hardness of an ash-stick, or to see in winter the stiff silvery twigs with their pairs of black buds and the big, swollen bud at the tip? In the high woods it may be June before these buds throw open their black doors, to release dense purple clusters of primitive, petal-less blossoms that stand so bushy and stiff along the twigs that from a distance the tree seems already in leaf. How quickly they sprout, these flowers of ash, and how soon they fade and fall. Only a few days does the woodpigeon have to find them and gorge on them before they are gone and leaves are sprouting in their stead.

"The ash," said Virgil, "is loveliest in woods." Perhaps he was thinking how pleasant it is, when you have been under the deep shade of other trees, to find when you arrive under an ash how the feathery, mobile leaves filter the sun's light into the woods and chequer the ground with dappled shadows.

And under the trees? In most parts of the high woods you will find flowers neither abundant nor varied. Thin, acid soils are the domain of heather, whinberry and moss. In seeking spring flowers in such woodland you may well let the ash trees be your guide. For they, as I said, find the richest, or least poor, spots in the wood and it is at their feet, in the damper areas, that you will find the flowers: yellow and green



UPLAND PRIMROSES. "In some May drought in the lowlands you can go to the wet gullies of the high woods and find the year still new"



ASH FLOWERS—"PURPLE CLUSTERS OF PETAL-LESS BLOSSOMS." "In the high woods it may be June before these buds throw open their black doors"

which brings me back to the high woods, especially those on limy soils where ash is abundant.

There comes to my mind a remote Welsh valley on a perfect day in May. I had followed a stream up through woods of ash and oak, botanising casually and thinking I ought to meet with moschatel in such a rich place. But if it was there it eluded me, and I came clear of the trees at last. I was now faced with a long scree topped by a crag. Here I forgot my plant hunting in the sight of a tiercel peregrine patrolling back and forth on a slow gliding beat far above me. The crag looked a promising nesting place, and sure enough as I toiled up the scree the falcon came flickering off a ledge, to chatter with deep angered notes as she hurled herself about the sky. But as is usual with peregrines, the nest was not to be reached; at the top of the scree I found my way blocked by 20 feet of sheer, slimy rock. So I looked about for plants instead and found compensation in such endearing species as round-leaved sorrel, Alpine enchanters, nightshade, green spleenwort and that delightful little grass, the mountain melick. But it was not until I squatted to eat my lunch that I saw beside me, in the shadow of a boulder where it could never have seen the sun, a small patch of moschatel that looked down a thousand feet on to the woods where I had sought for it.

Though spring may come late to the upland woods there is this compensation: that in some May drought in the lowlands, when all the green gaiety of the spring has dried up into brownness and seed, you can go to the wet gullies of the high woods and find the year still new there, and rejoice again in the delicate crimple of opening primrose leaves, and find wood sorrel and windflower still fresh and fragrant in a green unthirsty world. Then, when oak-rollers and geometers have decimated the foliage of the lowland oaks, and the hot woods are unpleasant with the rain of caterpillar-droppings, you can climb to the hill-woods and find the oak leaves clean and almost untouched. For there in the cool upper air insect life is far less abundant. It is as if the high woods are swept clean by the long tides of the mountain wind.

mats or golden saxifrage hanging over dripping rocks; violets, wild strawberry, primroses, sanicles, ground ivy and others that riot in the lowland woods but which, up here, have to be sought for plant by plant. Tennyson made a well observed point, perhaps better than he knew, in the line:

by ashen roots the violets blow.

In the same situation he might have chanced upon another plant of humble stature, so humble that its very name, *Adoxa*, means "of no account." This little musky moschatel was long hounded from one family to another by botanists unable to trace her true affinities. Once classed as an ivy, she was for a while promoted to close kinship with honeysuckle, guelder-rose, elder and wayfaring-tree. But now science has despaired of discovering her next-of-kin and has left her all alone, sole member of a unique family. So there is food for thought for you some soft April day when you see the first fragile square stems and pale triple leaflets of moschatel pushing delicately through the litter of last year's oak leaves: by what infinity of chance and change through evolutionary time has this small plant come down to us, so bereft of relations? Were they even of less account in the struggle for survival than moschatel herself, and so perished?

How cheering it is to find that this flower of no account is after all something unique in the world. What other plant unfolds, from a yellow pinhead bud, a cube of four green clock-faces with a fifth looking skywards? Then there is the plant's respectable world range. Pray do not think of moschatel, if you know it only in soft southern woods and hedges, as a half-hardy cringer in the shelter of giant neighbours. For if ever you are lucky enough to see the Arctic flora you will find our little moschatel braving it out there on the tundra, springing up in the wake of the melting snow. And in Britain you may find it far up the flanks of our mountains:



MALE OAK CATKINS. "When oak-rollers and geometers have decimated the foliage of the lowland oaks, you can climb to the hill-woods and find the oak leaves almost untouched"

TALKING ABOUT SALE-ROOMS

FROM COLOMBIAN GOLD TO MALMAISON ORMOLU

By FRANK DAVIS



1.—MEDIÆVAL GOLD WORK FROM COLOMBIA. A figure of a man in cast gold, 2½ ins. high. £165. (Right) 2.—A Colombian breast ornament in an alloy of gold and copper. £640

WHEN most of us were young a well-established 19th-century tradition had laid it down that things made by man—that is, collectable things—were rigidly divided into two categories, art and ethnography. The former division included pretty well everything produced by civilised races, whether an Egyptian temple or a Gainsborough portrait, the latter those myriad objects from Peruvian jade axes to West African fetish masks which had been made by primitive peoples who had seen neither the Parthenon nor St. Pancras Station. Since the beginning of the 20th century this distinction has been blurred, and we have discovered that primitive, not to say prehistoric, man produced work which is none the less art even though it does not follow the patterns of Mediterranean culture.

This revision of accepted Victorian standards has not been without its effect upon the artist of to-day—a development which some may think deplorable, but which is beyond the scope of these notes. But this fairly recent approach to the crafts of savage or semi-savage mankind has very greatly stimulated interest in its various manifestations and when, as occasionally happens, rare examples turn up at auction they find a ready sale, not as in the past because they are regarded merely as exotic curiosities, but because they are accepted as evidence of the infinite variety of human artistry and as such to be judged on their merits against the background of the culture of their day.

A collection of mediæval gold objects from Colombia, gathered together long ago by the first Lady Brassey (who died in 1887), came up at Sotheby's on March 10. Lady Brassey, much in advance of her time, was the authoress of several travel books which, in the memorable words of the *Dictionary of National Biography* "were read with pleasure by Prince Bismarck as he smoked his evening pipe, as well as by girls at school." The Hastings



3.—FROM THE BELGIAN CONGO. A carved wood figure, 18 ins. high. £62

Museum decided to sell the collection, which was well known to specialists, and, I would imagine, was pleasantly surprised to discover that the 32 examples of which it was composed realised about £2,500.

In Figs. 1 and 2 are seen two of these barbaric but none the less impressive pieces—first, a figure of a man in cast gold with a remarkable cross-shaped head-dress, 2½ inches high—£165; and second a breast ornament in an alloy of gold and copper, the upperpart with three birds of prey surmounted by squatting human figures, on either side a single human figure above a volute. This was bought by the Birmingham Museum for £640.

Probably 50 years and certainly a century ago the carving from the Belgian Congo (Fig. 3) would have been regarded by most people with horror or derision or as merely a curious example of a carving from Darkest Africa which happened to record the tribal markings on a woman's body. We now consider it as a good to goodish piece of wood sculpture comparable to other wood carvings elsewhere in the world, as worthy to be judged on its merits as, say, the carvings on the choir-stalls of a cathedral. This piece—18 inches high—changed hands at £62.

Here is another case in which there has been a drastic change of taste during the last half century—the mahogany table, marble topped and mounted in ormolu, which appeared at Christie's on March 13 and was bought for 380 guineas. It is said to have been made for the Empress Josephine for her charming country retreat at Malmaison. At that moment, early in the 19th century, it was undoubtedly the last word in dignified elegance. A century later it is unlikely that anyone would have looked at it twice. Now, after another 50 years, the style of the French Empire and that of what is now known as English Regency—greatly influenced by French practice—is



4.—SAID TO HAVE BEEN MADE FOR THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE FOR MALMAISON.
A French Empire centre table of mahogany and ormolu, 50 ins. wide. 380 gns.

again in favour, with its rather stiff angularity and Greek and Egyptian reminiscences; in this case almost wholly Greek, with a caryatid at each corner. There are people who feel sorry for any poor girl condemned to support to all eternity a great weight upon her head, whether she remains on the Acropolis at Athens or is part of a piece of furniture, but the idea is so ancient, and is so commonplace a decorative device the world over, that most of us accept it readily enough. In fact, the main weight, of course, is taken by the solid mahogany columns at each end, aided by the equally solid central stretcher.

One really must give full marks to the French cabinet-makers of the Napoleonic era for their use of mahogany in combination with discreet ormolu ornament. Thanks to the British blockade, mahogany was hard to come by and was used in the solid only for the finest pieces; the ormolu mounts, beautifully cast and chased, were applied sparingly in such a way as to draw the attention not to themselves so much as to the fine colour of the wood, a virtue not always noticeable in some of the much lauded furniture of the mid 18th century which can, on occasion, become boring by sheer excess of ornament. The catalogue provided no details of the Malmaison provenance beyond the bare statement, but one would in any case be tempted to assign so elaborate and majestic a piece to an Imperial order on its merits alone. The two-handled vase on the stretcher in the centre, flanked by two sphinxes, is a luxurious refinement not without grace.

Among other things in the same sale which seem to call for comment were a pair of 18th-century Italian giltwood and plaster console tables which realised 620 guineas; one of those mahogany four-pedestal dining-tables nine feet in length, on turned baluster supports with four plain curved legs, brass feet and castors—always very much in demand (this made 320 guineas); and a Louis XV parquetry long-case clock, the front veneered with panels of cube and trellis pattern on a rosewood ground, and mounted with a profusion of chased ormolu plaques—as remote from the sober puritanism of the average clock, whether French or English, as the sun from the moon. In spite of a striking movement of a later date, this sold for 750 guineas.

There was also the pair of candelabra (Fig. 5) of two Chinese ladies who, no less than the African beauty and the pseudo-Greek caryatids, have been put to work in a useful, domestic and decorative capacity. Like the

rest of Europe, the French marvelled at Chinese porcelain and paid it the compliment when opportunity offered of mounting it in ormolu, later on treating their own porcelain in a similar manner. The modern sinologue very naturally frowns upon this practice, which he considers detracts from the beauty of the porcelain. Our ancestors had no such inhibitions and one is bound to admit that, in distinguished hands, the results can be more than pleasing, especially, in my opinion, when an ormolu mount is given to a fine celadon vase; the dull gleam of gilded

and burnished bronze can harmonise wonderfully well with the delicate olive greens. These two figures, which once belonged to the Duc de Rohan and later to Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, are early-18th-century porcelain in blue and *rouge-de-fer* on square pedestal bases. They stand on ormolu bases with guilloché and gadroon ornament, and above them are three ormolu branches for three lights, chased with a foliage pattern. They sold for 300 guineas.

To have joined the Hanoverian guards as an oboist at the age of 14, to have deserted and come to England, to have been in succession instructor to the band of the Durham Militia, organist at Halifax and organist to the Octagon Chapel, Bath, is a strange training for a great mathematician and astronomer. This, however, was the education of Sir William Herschel (1738-1822), discoverer of the planet Uranus in 1781 and, by general consent, the virtual founder of sidereal science. The papers of the Herschel family—that is, of Sir William, of his gifted sister Caroline, who shared both his musical and astronomical interests, and of no less distinguished Sir John, son of Sir William—were sold at Sotheby's on March 4.

Charles Darwin's presentation copy of *The Origin of Species* to Sir John Herschel realised £320, Sir William's memoir of the discovery of Uranus £350, and Caroline's autograph astronomical tables made for her brother's use £400. A great series of scientific pamphlets—about 880 of them—sold for £3,000, and another series of 470 for £1,800. A few small scientific instruments used by Sir John went for a few pounds. The larger instruments, including Sir William's famous 40 ft. telescope, in his day one of the wonders of the world, are still at Observatory House, Slough, Buckinghamshire.



5.—A PAIR OF EARLY-18th-CENTURY CHINESE PORCELAIN FIGURES, MOUNTED AS CANDLE-HOLDERS. 20 ins. high, on square pedestal bases, with ormolu branches. 300 gns.

CARS DESCRIBED

THE D.K.W. SALOON

THE present model of the D.K.W. from the Auto-Union factory in Germany is in the tradition of earlier models. It gives the impression that its designers are more interested in long-term reliability and economy of running than in cutting the selling price by reducing the standard of engineering and finish. The D.K.W. is one of the most unusual designs in current use, and the power unit is particularly interesting.

The 896 c.c. engine is a three-cylinder two-stroke, which gives a power output of 40 brake horse power at 4,250 r.p.m. A two-stroke engine has twice as many power impulses as a four-stroke one, from which it follows that a three-cylinder two-stroke is as smooth as a six-cylinder engine of more normal design. Because the engine is of two-stroke design its lubrication is by the petroil system in which oil is mixed with the petrol—with the D.K.W. in the proportion of one part of lubricant to forty parts of petrol. The neck of the petrol filler is fitted with a special mixer, so that it is necessary only to pour in the appropriate amount of oil to begin with and then add the petrol. The engine is

Except for the material used to upholster the seats, the internal finish is good. The rear quarter-lights swivel open fully, and the front ventilators are provided with a spring-loaded catch.

As the car is fitted with left-hand steering in its native country, the gear-changing mechanism, with the lever mounted on the steering column, has had to be changed to suit conditions in Britain, and as a result the gear positions are the opposite to those usual. This is at first slightly awkward, but only a few miles at the wheel are required to get used to it. The relative positions of the steering wheel, the driver's seat and the pedals are in the main good, although it is possible to apply both the foot brake and the accelerator at the same time. The accelerator pedal can be used at two different pressures: a slight pressure, giving a cruising speed of between 60 and 70 m.p.h. with minimum fuel consumption, and a hard pressure, giving full power for acceleration or top-gear hill-climbing. The ignition switch also acts a steering lock when the key is turned beyond the off position. The lockable cubby hole is on the small side,



THE D.K.W. SALOON. It is one of the most unusual designs in current use, and it has good performance for a car of its capacity

mounted at the front of the car, with the radiator and cooling fan above and behind it, and the drive is taken through the gearbox and differential unit to the front wheels. As the power unit and transmission are at the front there is no interference with the body space and the whole floor is flat.

The chassis members are of box section and provide a very rigid chassis of approximate elliptic shape, further stiffened by a cruciform bracing. The frame itself extends to the rear only as far as the rear axle, to which it is connected by a transverse leaf spring assisted by telescopic hydraulic dampers. The front suspension is by wishbones and a transverse leaf spring, also augmented by telescopic dampers. It is of interest to note that the entire power unit is in front of the centre line of the front wheels, giving the body surprising roominess for a car with modest overall dimensions. The steering is of rack and pinion type and the brakes Lockheed Duplex. The four-speed gearbox, with synchronesh on the three upper ratios, is provided with a free-wheel, which can be locked out by the driver when he wishes to drive exceptionally fast, or in mountainous districts. For a car of its power an unusually high top gear is employed, which should give effortless cruising.

On inspecting the bodywork one observes immediately certain features which can at the moment, unfortunately, be found more often on Continental than on American and British cars. One is the use of polished light alloy for many mouldings and fittings, in preference to the unreliable chromium normally used, and the provision of an excellent three-position control for the headlamps, which makes it easy to use the lights for signalling at road junctions.

but the luggage boot is a good size for a car of this type.

Because there are so few cars fitted with two-stroke engines it takes rather longer than usual to become accustomed to the slightly different feel of the D.K.W. On the normal four-stroke engine there is no difference in an engine's feel whether it is hot or cold, but before the two-stroke engine has reached running temperature, there is a misleading impression of roughness, especially on the over-run. If the freewheel is used, which enables all gears to be engaged when the car is in motion without use of the clutch pedal, this effect is eliminated. The car started immediately from cold, despite being parked in the open each night during freezing weather, and warmed up to its work as quickly as the average car. The car heater has a complicated control system, but once this is understood, after some experiment, it proves to be one of the most efficient heaters I have come across, particularly on such a small car.

During my test I was able to try the D.K.W. under varied conditions, including one long fast run. With some cars the longer the test becomes the more obvious are the shortcomings of the particular car, but by the time I had finished my test of the D.K.W. its faults had been almost forgotten. The combination of front-wheel drive with rack and pinion steering makes the car a pleasure to drive on twisty roads, and the few patches of ice encountered served to prove the benefits of front-wheel drive. It was possible to compare the car directly with larger cars of known performance, and it was apparent that the acceleration in the middle speed range was outstanding for a car of less than 900 c.c., while on twisty roads the performance of known faster cars could be surpassed. On a car with a

By J. EASON GIBSON

small engine, differences in driving style can make a great difference to fuel consumption figures. I should think that in the hands of the average owner, who is unlikely to use the performance to the full, a fuel consumption of around 40 to 45 m.p.g. will be obtainable; hard driving might raise it to 30 m.p.g. The average during my test was 35 m.p.g., and I used the freewheel for about a third of the total distance covered.

An exceptionally large rear window gives the car a feeling of airiness, and in most directions visibility is very good. At a certain angle of turn the width of the windscreen pillars becomes a worry: it is possible for a car on the right to be hidden when one is taking a right-handed corner. The suspension gives the impression of being very soft—as in fact it must be, because of the comfort of the ride—but at no time is it so soft that stability is lost. Sharp corners can be taken fast, with a minimum of roll; a combination of high cornering speed with a bumpy surface appears to have no effect on stability or comfort.

Motoring after dark is considerably helped by the lighting switch fitted beneath the steering wheel, which gives finger-tip operation of both the main and dipped beams. This slim lever has a neutral position, above which are the main and dipped beam positions, and below which is a spring-loaded position which allows the headlights to be flashed, no matter whether the sidelights are on or not. The instruments, which are grouped directly in front of the driver, can be easily seen through the two-spoke steering wheel. The hand-brake lever, of fulcrum type, lies laterally beneath the fascia and can be easily reached; it is much better than the pull-out type usually fitted. A sensible feature is the way in which the controls on the dashboard vary in size, so that possible confusion is avoided.

The kneeroom available for rear passengers is more than is usually found on cars of the D.K.W.'s external dimensions, and the internal width is surprising. With a full load of passengers the performance is reduced slightly, but there is little noticeable difference between driving with two up and with the driver alone. The agility, performance and sensitive handling qualities of the D.K.W. suggest that it would be ideal for the more enthusiastic motorist, and its economy and the long-term reliability almost certain with a two-stroke engine indicate that it would be equally suitable for the motorist interested in low-cost motoring over an extended mileage. The brakes were the only feature of the car which did not impress me: they were adequate for the car, but lacked bite. This may, however have been a fault of the individual car tested, which had covered over 9,000 hard miles as a test car.

THE D.K.W. SALOON

Concessionaires: A. F. N., Ltd., London-road, Isleworth, Middlesex.

SPECIFICATION

Price: £1,198 7s. 6d. (including P.T. £400 7s.)	Brakes Lockheed-Duplex
Cubic capacity 896 c.c.	Suspension Independent (front)
Cylinders Three	Wheelbase 8 ft. 0 in.
Valves Two-stroke	Track (front) 4 ft. 2 ins.
B.h.p. 40 at 4,250 r.p.m.	Track (rear) 4 ft. 5 ins.
Carb. Solex downdraught	Overall length 14 ft. 2 ins.
Ignition Three coils	Overall width 5 ft. 4 ins.
Oil Filter —	Overall height 4 ft. 10½ ins.
1st gear 18 to 1	Ground clearance 7½ ins.
2nd gear 10.47 to 1	Turning circle 36 ft.
3rd gear 6.18 to 1	Weight 17½ cwt.
4th gear 4.32 to 1	Fuel capacity 9.8 galls.
Final drive Front wheels	Oil capacity —
Tyres 5.60 x 15	Water capacity 14½ pints

PERFORMANCE

Acceleration	Petrol consumption
Top 3rd	35 m.p.g. at average
30-50 16.3 secs.	speed of 45 m.p.h.
40-60 18.0 secs.	Brakes: 30 to 0 in 35 feet
0-60 (all gears) 21.8 secs.	(86 per cent. efficiency)
Max. speed 78.5 m.p.h.	

REARING AN OSTRICH

Written and Illustrated by ANTHONY LAVERS

IN the Samburu district of northern Kenya one never knows what lies round the next corner of the sandy, potholed tracks which serve as roads. The district is not only among the most remote in Kenya, but is home to a colourful people and an extraordinary variety of wild animals.

But I never guessed that rounding a bend at speed towards the end of a long safari in 1955 would thrust on me the rôle of foster-parent to an ostrich. Vigorous braking did not stop my car skidding straight through a mass of birds as they emerged from the bush at the side of the road. Then I saw that the birds were not partridges, as I had first supposed, but newly hatched ostrich chicks. One had been killed and a second flung to the side of the road. The rest of the flock, with the parent birds, had disappeared into the thorn scrub.

The second chick was unconscious, but showed no signs of injury. First aid in the form of a bottle of soda-water emptied over its head soon brought it round. I wished to restore it to its family, but by that time the other birds were several hundred yards away.

Left to itself, the chick would have made an easy meal for a hyena or cerval within the hour. There seemed no alternative but to take it back to my suburban bungalow in Nairobi. I emptied a luncheon basket to provide a snug refuge for the chick during the 250-mile journey back to the capital.

When I had time to examine my new charge I judged it to be about a week old. It was about ten inches high, with a spotted, compact body covered with a bristly brown and black down. Big grey eyes, fringed by long lashes, gave it a misleading air of helplessness. Conspicuous on its leathery black feet were the powerful middle claws which make the adult bird a dangerous opponent.

When it arrived the chick was still frightened and adopted the crouching position which is the young ostrich's chief protection. The crouch puzzled me until I took the bird into our garden, where its body blended perfectly with the tawny grass characteristic of Kenya in the dry season.

The chick, named Samburu by my admiring family, refused to eat. I telephoned the ornithologist at Nairobi's Coryndon Museum and, though a little pessimistic about the chances of

its survival, he advocated forced feeding with cabbage and maize meal.

Six times a day for the next three days and nights the bird was pinioned and a glutinous mixture of greens and meal thrust down his protesting throat. He didn't die; on the other hand, he was obviously not thriving. Listless and bored, the chick made a pathetic picture huddled in a corner of my chicken run, and I began to think it would have been better to have left him the bush.

On the fourth day I made my usual dawn excursion to the pantry where, for protection from our highland cold, he slept at night. I slipped my hand into the straw-filled box. A vigorous beak gripped my fingers and pulled. The chick stood up and for the first time gave the peculiar call—something between the shrilling of a kite and the coo of a dove—which tells the world a young ostrich is hungry. A pound of mash disappeared in a few seconds without any help from me. A bowl of greens followed it. The passage of this nourishment could be traced in the large lump which distended the chick's spotted neck as it dropped to a welcoming stomach.

Samburu no longer crouched. He had lost his fear, and replaced it with an appetite which made my young daughter—herself no mean eater—stare in admiration. One feeding problem had disappeared, but another arose which lasted nine disconcerting months.

The ostrich used to start the day with an appetiser of small pebbles and gravel, necessary for his digestion. Then he would stride into the chicken run to share the fowls' morning mixture of maize and layers' mash. This brought him into conflict with my Leghorn cockerel. At that time Samburu was smaller than the cock and no match for his talons and beak. Gentle and timid, the ostrich allowed himself to be bullied by the chickens without protest. We prevented injury to the chick by serving his meals separately.

Later came a mass of greens delivered by our gardener, a chubby African who is fond of animals, and became a firm friend to the newcomer. A second mash feed at mid-day was followed by another meal with the chickens in the afternoon, and a final bunch of greens ended the bird's day, as far as we were concerned. But these meals merely filled a few empty spaces. For the rest, Samburu relied on his own initiative, which developed as fast as his mushrooming body expanded.

Feeling the need for companionship, he generally kept near the gardener when outside. But every half-hour or so the desire for a light snack took him to the kitchen. From there only the length of a passage separated him from



OSTRICH CHICK FOUND BY THE AUTHOR ON A ROAD IN NORTHERN KENYA AND REARED BY HIM IN HIS NAIROBI GARDEN. "Conspicuous on its leathery black feet were the powerful middle claws which make the adult bird a dangerous opponent"

our living-room, where flower vases were a prime attraction. The cakes served with morning coffee were another target if my wife relaxed her vigilance for an instant.

When these supplies failed, the washing line could always provide a quick meal. I didn't believe my servants when they tried to explain how three pairs of socks vanished within a week. I had to apologise when the cook's triumphant cry of "*Bwana!*" brought me into the garden to find the ostrich enjoying an exciting version of the police and robbers game with a bevy of shouting Africans. One of a pair of my newest socks was dangling from his beak. When we finally ran him down I wasted time and effort retrieving the sock from half way down his neck—only to find that its twin had already been swallowed.

Those portions of my garden not protected by wire netting were soon stripped of flowers and vegetables. The bird's enormous appetite was reflected in its rate of growth. By the age of six weeks he was nearly two feet high, and at three months he was taller than my four-year-old daughter. My daughter and the ostrich were great friends at this period, and their association proved an exasperating one for my wife. The ostrich had a trick of pulling at drying linen with a beak used a moment previously for grubbing up grass roots. The resultant muddy pattern was made worse by the imprint of puddle-blackened hands.

Our chickens' attitude to the ostrich changed as the stranger grew. The bullying soon stopped, although the cockerel remained truculent for several weeks. Then one afternoon the ostrich stepped back from the water trough and accidentally trod on his tormentor. The cockerel's back was nearly broken, and from that date its attitude to the ostrich was one of diffident respect.

Samburu himself was rather pathetically unaware of the consternation his size caused in the chicken run. He had been brought up among fowls and thought that he had merely grown faster than the rest. This belief was illustrated one day when I watched the fowls taking a dust bath. One young pullet was energetically showering herself with our red Kikuyu soil when Samburu entered the run. He watched her for some minutes, then dropped



"ITS BODY BLENDED PERFECTLY WITH THE TAWNY GRASS CHARACTERISTIC OF KENYA IN THE DRY SEASON"



THE BABY OSTRICH TAKING A DUST BATH WITH ONE OF THE AUTHOR'S CHICKENS. "He had been brought up among fowls and thought that he had merely grown faster than the rest"

on his stomach and scratched up a minor tornado until the outraged pullet took herself to less smog-ridden regions to continue her toilet.

Such episodes made us smile, but others did not. No one laughed, for instance, when a distressed cook reported that two fine Lake Victoria fish, intended for our luncheon, had disappeared down a long feathered neck thrust through the kitchen window. Our cat failed to see the humour of being trodden on by a 120-pound super-chicken, and Indian tradesmen were unnerved when the same monster, in welcoming mood, rushed at them with wings outstretched like some nightmare delta-winged jet.

Neighbours who had used baby talk when

the ostrich weighed two pounds relapsed into chilled silence when the bird began to snatch at spectacles or remove children's hats. Bright objects attract ostriches, and it was this that made me decide that Samburu would have to go. His destination was, however, a difficult problem.

Ostriches are found in plenty in the Royal Nairobi National Park, but the wardens told me that my protégé, having lost his fear, had lost his principal defence and would soon be killed if he was turned loose in this sanctuary.

Negotiations with the London Zoo's curator of birds, Mr. J. Yelland, broke down when we found the cost of air-freighting the bird to England would be prohibitive. The alternative

was to send him by sea. This involved confining a bird which had never been caged to a wooden crate for three weeks. I was convinced that Samburu would never stand the journey, and I had not brought him up almost from the egg to provide food for fishes.

For me and my family the prospect of losing the bird had little appeal. He might be an awkward, ludicrous mass of feather and skin when sliding over a polished floor, but outside he could also exhibit grace and beauty. This was especially marked when he danced.

The ostrich dance is, of course, a mating ritual. Our chick began to practise it when he was three months old. First he would make a series of wild dashes culminating in sharp turns. The turns led to an incredible pirouette, a whirlwind spin in which the stubby wings served as stabilisers and the long neck was thrust forward like a ballet dancer's hand. I saw Samburu dance four times, and I would not have grown tired of his four-hundredth performance.

He was a gentle pet, and I knew I would miss his clumsy gestures of affection and his bland assumption that anything edible was his natural due. But by the time he was nine months old he stood six feet high and his massive feet were a danger to our children.

Just as the problem assumed nagging proportions the answer came to hand. One of our friends in Nairobi is a buying agent for the Williamson Diamond Mines at Mwadui in Tanganyika. The late Dr. John Williamson, discoverer and owner of the mine, was a collector of wild birds, which he kept in surroundings as near to natural as possible. Samburu was offered to Dr. Williamson, and a cabled reply said simply: "Send ostrich."

Samburu was flown to Mwadui in Dr. Williamson's own aircraft, and soon settled down. My latest information is that he is now a fine, fully fledged male, a mate for the bird has been found and the mine gardens are not what they used to be.

A COUNTRYWOMAN'S NOTES By EILUNED LEWIS

WITH Easter just round the corner, this penitential school term peters out; universities are down already, and the most rapturous holiday of the year is in sight. Having a certain amount of youthful traffic on our doorstep, I am reminded of a dear departed friend's saying that he could never completely despair of the world because all the young people he knew were so pleasant.

Perhaps it is a mark of confirmed middle-age to feel this way: one comes to it gradually after sounding some notes of alarm at the very thought of all childish acquaintances turning into Young Things. What on earth does one do with them? Sherry parties which last until nine o'clock and supper parties with no end in sight seem, in anticipation, so much worse than the children's tea party which was always guillotined by the arrival of a few adults to remove the guests.

* * *

SUFFERING, no doubt, myself from arrested development, I own to a wistful liking for childhood's games. Old Maid is surely more imaginative and hazardous than Canasta. And who can ever forget the creeping excitement of Grandmother's Steps, the runic charm of Oranges and Lemons or Looby-loo, the immense opportunities for individual talent in Dumb Crambo?

I still feel that I could relish those diversions, but there are compensating amusements and one of them is to note the growth of the uprising generation. On the whole, girls alter more than boys. Seeing them turn into exquisite creatures, full of grace and charm, one reflects that if our mortal bodies can so change in the twinkling of an eye, what possibilities there must be for the immortal spirit. Boys preserve their flavour more stubbornly. The young man with startling theories on economics and a very singular motor-car is easily recognised as the individualist of children's parties long ago; one who went his own way and pursued his own thoughts, even to the wrecking of Grandmother's Steps.

THE children spread their many-coloured wings and fly away, but a ghostly bond lingers between the parents. A man I know says that he sometimes meets a grizzled acquaintance in the City, or Fleet-street, and recognises him as one of the fathers with whom he waited on winter evenings for the end of a school dancing-class. Like shades in Avernus they now give each other a wan smile.

This same school held its sports day in an old London churchyard. There, on July afternoons, beneath the peeling plane trees and a cloudy sky (I never once recall sunshine) parents and offspring would spread a picnic tea beside a tombstone, while the tired voices of mistresses announced that the high jump had been won by Lavinia, and the largest number of bean-bags collected by Caroline.

Country school-days are more cheerful in retrospect. One I know, for small boys and girls, stood in a village street next to the butcher's shop, with a giant horse-chestnut tree between. For ever it seemed to be early summer with the chestnut tree in white flower, and much vigorous bustle when the children rushed out to play, or a whole herd of pigs was driven into the adjoining yard.

* * *

IN these chilly weeks of the Lenten term I have revived my lost status by sometimes collecting other people's children from school and returning them to their over-worked parents. One of them is Robert, who has just reached his seventh birthday; so dynamic a person that one does not so much meet him as head him off in a different direction. Often he has lost his cap and this is a grave offence, bringing us both back heavy with disgrace, unsure whether we never had it or left it on top of the bus. Always he carries a thing shaped like a torpedo for killing his enemies.

"It will kill hundreds of people," says Robert, his eyes dark with prophecy. "But they won't die here. They'll go to India first and then they'll all get killed."

"The Indians wouldn't like that," I object.

"They are a very gentle people. Many Indians won't kill an animal of any kind."

This is received in silence, but soon the incantation begins anew. "Hundreds and hundreds of people. Bevington-Smith says they'll all get killed."

Bevington-Smith is identified as a small boy with spectacles who is chivvied off the bus by an elderly female at the next stop. After this it is a relief to call at the sweet-shop and find that Robert has very clear ideas on ice-llolies and Easter eggs.

* * *

ROBERT'S younger sister Evangeline, aged five, attends a school where self-expression and self-help are encouraged. This seems to boil down to the pupils keeping rabbits and receiving no assistance when they dress. On a March day, with the temperature at freezing, I waited with a group of mothers and one chauffeur at the school entrance. Another friend's child, Olivia, emerged first, with the brown lining of her school hat encircling her forehead. Evangeline, it seemed, was still getting ready, and to go in and find her, I was told, would be *mal vu*. Presently the mothers and chauffeur went away with their charges, and I begged Olivia to enquire within. She came back to report, "She's putting on her belt." By now, with feet gently freezing, I decided to flout self-help and fetched Evangeline myself. Round and rosy, with long hair like the Furniss drawings to *Sylvie and Bruno*, she finally appeared, quite ready to "come out to tea."

Olivia came too, and we spent a lot of time washing the dust off a doll's tea-service and filling cups the size of acorns. Afterwards they built houses with pieces of a Mah-Jong set: Olivia constructed a ship to sail the seven seas, and Evangeline made a pavement of mosaic as gay as lost Byzantium. I recalled the rhyme about what little girls are made of. *Sugar and spice and all things nice*, I thought. But on the way home Evangeline talked of how it was possible to break the legs of little dogs, which shows it isn't safe to generalise.

CORRESPONDENCE

LONG-DISTANCE VIEWS

SIR,—It would be interesting to hear your readers' experiences of long-distance views in the British Isles, particularly across the Channel and other such stretches of water.

In Kent here we look out over France on many days of the year. With field-glasses one can see great detail, and sometimes, when snow has covered the hills in France, one sees several ridges of hills in clear detail with the naked eye. I have seen France, too, from Fairlight, near Hastings, and from the farthest tip of Thanet.

Has anyone ever seen France from, say, Dartmoor, or perhaps more reasonably the Portland Hills?—C. F. COLT, *Bethersden, near Ashford, Kent.*

[It is impossible to see France from either Dartmoor or Portland because of the curvature of the earth and the distances involved.—ED.]

THE LAST BUSTARD?

SIR,—I read with great interest the article in your issue of March 13 on the Wiltshire bustards, and especially about the visitants of 1871.

I lived for many years in the Breckland of south-west Norfolk near where the last native bustard in England was shot, not far from Swaffham. The vandal was caught and brought up before the magistrates, fined 5s. and was given back the body of the bird, which he sold for £2. This was in 1838.—H. UNDERDOWN, *Carlton Club, St. James's-street, S.W.1.*

A HAMPSHIRE BUSTARD

SIR,—In the village of Martin, near Fordingbridge in Hampshire, is a house called Bustard Manor, so named because the last bustard in the south of England is reputed to have been shot there.

Despite public curiosity and controversy at the time, W. H. Hudson, the author of *A Shepherd's Life*, would not be persuaded to reveal the true name of the village which is the subject of his book—and which he called Winterbourne Bishop—other than to admit, when pressed on the matter at

a literary gathering, that it was the village in which there was a Bustard House.

It was this remark of his which settled the claim of Martin to be the Winterbourne Bishop of the book against the claims of the villages of the Ebbles Valley.—KATHARINE ASHWORTH, *Lockner Holt, Chilworth, Surrey.*

INFLUENCE OF POMPEII

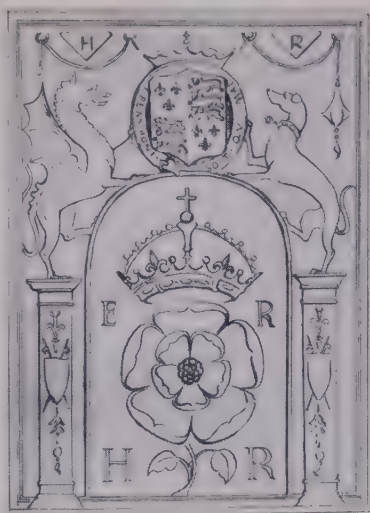
SIR,—Mr. Ernle Bradford's reference to the French Government's excavations of 1806-14 at Pompeii and the influence of the murals then discovered on Victorian jewellery (*COUNTRY LIFE*, January 23) leads me to put in a claim for a young unknown English architect named Edward Stevens, who had been a pupil of Sir William Chambers.

On October 22, 1774, Stevens wrote to Sir William Hamilton enclosing the plans of the Temple of Isis. In the letter, among other details of Pompeii, Stevens refers to the "general taste prevailing of painting ceilings and walls." Sir William had the plans of Edward Stevens published in *Archaeologia* in the 1800s. I believe these were the first detail drawings made of Pompeii.

The above is extracted from the unpublished manuscript commonplace book of Edward Stevens now in my possession.—D. M. K. MARENDAZ (Capt.), *The Manor House, Somerset West, South Africa.*

ROYAL ARMS ON A TILE

SIR,—Since you published my letter about the green tile found at Freen's Court, near Hereford (February 13), I have had a drawing made from the tile to show the complete design, and have consulted the Ceramics Department of the Victoria and Albert Museum. They have there two similar



DESIGN ON A GREEN GLAZED TILE FROM FREEN'S COURT, NEAR HEREFORD. (Right) SIR HENRY LINGEN, THE ROYALIST LEADER, WHO LIVED AT FREEN'S COURT

See letter: Royal Arms on a Tile

tiles, with only the initials E.R., which are assumed to date from the reign of Edward VI.

They have also a cistern in the same green glazed ware with initials H.R. and E.R. These they have assumed to be those of Henry VII and Elizabeth of York, as in the Freen's Court tile: though, like you, they "find it difficult to understand how the Renaissance ornament can be so early." So they suggest that Henry VIII and Edward VI may be indicated, which would mean that the house was not finished until the reign of the latter had begun. The Keeper of Ceramics says that such tiles must have been made in or near London.

I also send a copy from an old print of a portrait of the most famous owner of Freen's Court, the Royalist leader Sir Henry Lingen, in whose time the hall part of the house was probably destroyed. The present whereabouts of the portrait, perhaps once in this house, is unknown here.—M. W., *Hereford.*

LEANING CHURCH TOWERS

SIR,—I was interested to see the letter with the photograph of the leaning church tower at Biddisham in Somerset (February 27). For many years I have been interested in leaning towers, but the one at Biddisham had escaped my notice. Perhaps your readers would be interested in two more towers which lean even more alarmingly than those of Puxton and Biddisham. I enclose photographs.

The first is Temple Church in Bristol. During the building of the lower two-thirds of this tower, up to the trefoil band, the foundations began to sink and so the work was stopped. Some 60 years later, in the middle of the 15th century, the sinking quite suddenly ceased, and so the work was continued and an attempt was made to correct the lean and make the upper storey perpendicular. The tower is about six feet out of the vertical, but it appears to be rather more than this owing to the optical illusion produced by the lower part of the tower tilting more than the upper part. Temple Church was destroyed by fire during the war, but the tower survives and is now under the care of the Ministry of Works.

Farther north, in Gloucester, there is the leaning tower of St. Nicholas' Church. This tower is complete with a truncated spire. The top of the spire was removed in 1783 for safety reasons. Earlier in the 18th century Sir Francis Fox was called in to save the spire from collapse and some 60 tons of concrete were poured into the foundations to arrest the sinking.

There are leaning towers at Woolstone in Gloucestershire and at Surfleet in Lincolnshire. Do readers know of any others?—J. C. D. SMITH, 16, *Alma-road, Bristol, 8.*

FOUNDER OF AN IRISH POTTERY

SIR,—As a grandson of Robert Williams Armstrong, who established the Belleek pottery in Co. Fermanagh, I read Mr. G. Bernard Hughes's article on the pottery in your issue of November 21, 1957, with particular interest. There are certain points on which I think I can throw some light, from what was told me by my father. He lived for some five years up to 1888 quite close to the pottery and, as a son-in-law, knew the Armstrong family very well.

About the mystery of the glazes, my grandfather, who from his youth had a flair for chemistry, devised two glazes which were not patented but were a family secret. The formulae were recorded in a book of cookery



LEANING TOWERS OF TEMPLE CHURCH, BRISTOL, AND (right) ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH, GLOUCESTER

See letter: Leaning Church Towers

recipes (long since lost), and only he or one of the family did the mixing. Since the Brianchon formula was a patent, such secrecy about it would, as Mr. Hughes notes, have been pointless. As a widow my grandmother continued to live at the pottery and most probably her sons went on mixing the glazes.

Not long after Armstrong's death both sons did go abroad, but I can safely say that neither went to the U.S.A. According to an article on American Belleek by Anna D. Reilly in the *Spinning Wheel* of June, 1932 (published in the U.S.A.), William Bromley (senior), one of the old hands, with several others went out from Belleek in 1883 to Messrs. Ott and Brewer at Trenton, New Jersey, where W. S. Lenox was art director. In 1884 they succeeded in making "the first Trenton Belleek, the first Belleek to be produced in America."

Mr. Hughes's article rather gives the impression that R. W. Armstrong was a hard-headed man out to make money. Why, otherwise, should a "London architect" suddenly be seized with the idea of starting a pottery in Ireland? The explanation is that he was an Irishman born and bred, of a family long settled in Co. Longford. His wife also was Irish, and an artist of the third generation of a family of artists. No doubt he had his "pipe dreams," but he was never really concerned about profits: what he really wanted to do was to make good china at home in Ireland.

He devoted himself to the supervision of design and the perfection of technique, and when he died he left nothing except the fame of Belleek china. —JAMES PRICE (Brigadier), *Stonings, Old Compton-lane, Farnham, Surrey.*

THE RIGHT TIME TO SEE WATERFALLS

SIR,—Because our rivers are so short, their volume and that of the waterfalls on them are bound to be small. On top of that, the water which once supplied some of our larger falls has been diverted for hydro-electric schemes. We may one day be left with only the smaller falls, which attract attention more by their height or their configuration than by the volume of water they carry. Charming as such falls may be, they normally lack the grandeur and fury of their larger brethren. And yet, as some of us know to our cost, even our smallest rivers can sometimes become torrents and it is then that their waterfalls are really worth seeing.

In summer, when hundreds of visitors scatter cartons and paper-bags around the Swallow Falls at Bettws-y-Coed, they see a thin veil of sparkling water leaping down the rock face. I shall always remember a grey winter afternoon with the masses of powerful, brown water thundering across some of the lower view-points, wrecking the protective fences and washing the



OLD COCKPIT AT TALIARIS PARK, CARMARTHENSHIRE, NOW USED AS A GAME-LARDER

See letter: *A Converted Cockpit*

paths clean of the summer's débris. By great good luck I was there at the right time.

The accompanying photographs of the Linn of Muick, near Braemar in Aberdeenshire, taken from exactly the same view-point under normal conditions and after rain, show how big the difference can be. If you are within reach of a fall when there is heavy rain, go right away to see it, if you possibly can. You will have something that all the fine-weather visitors will miss—a vision of furious water that will long stay in your mind's eye. —T. R. PEACE, *Woodlands, Tilford, Farnham, Surrey.*

TOBACCO BYGONES

SIR,—I was interested in the illustration and description of an automatic tobacco box (*COUNTRY LIFE*, January 23), as I have in my possession a similar curiosity.

My specimen has a slot large enough to take a penny. Like Major Woolley's box, described in his letter of February 20, it bears the words "Rich's Patent" on the end behind the slot. In addition, in the middle under the handle are the words "Rich, Patentee, Bridgwater," which seem to suggest that the box was manufactured there. I bought it some fifty years ago at Southwold, Suffolk, from a small antique dealer.

I possess also an interesting cylindrical brass or gunmetal box, which I have no doubt was also intended to contain tobacco. It is about 5 ins. high and 4½ ins. across the interior. It carries two inscriptions of a highly ornamental character, as follows: on one side, "This box made from a gun out of the *Royal George* sunk at Spithead upwards of 60

years'; on the other side, "Presented to John Scovell by his friend Alexander Gordon Janry 20th 1893." Unfortunately the lid, which may perhaps have been of wood, is missing. There is a ledge round the inside of the box at the top on which it would doubtless have rested.

I should be interested to know whether any of your readers possess similar boxes. —JOHN H. HARRIS, *Ardnardeen, Daneshill, Woking, Surrey.*

SKYSCRAPER ON THE SOUTH BANK

SIR,—In an editorial note in your issue of March 13, referring to the 26-storey tower block being erected for the Shell Petroleum Company on the South Bank, you said: "Following the Royal Fine Art Commission's strictures, it has been lowered by several storeys, but become thicker," and you regretted the change.

I have been asked to say that the Royal Fine Art Commission in fact recommended an increase in the height of this tower block, partly to improve the proportions and partly to offset the loss of accommodation that would result from a reduction in the height of the rest of the buildings, which it recommended at the same time. This latter reduction was not in fact made, but the height of the tower was increased, though not, for structural reasons, to the extent that the Commission had suggested. —GODFREY SAMUEL, *Secretary, Royal Fine Art Commission, Old Palace Yard, S.W.1.*

A CONVERTED COCKPIT

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the cockfighting pit at Taliaris Park in Carmarthenshire, which survives by

having had its walls heightened and roofed over, so converting it to a game-larder.

The original height is indicated by the string course. The cockpit is quite small and spectators would have leaned over the low walls to watch the fights.

The birds were introduced at ground level through the small openings, one of which—now filled up—can be seen at the lower left of the photograph. —G. BERNARD MASON, *20 Hafren-road Cophthorne, Shrewsbury.*

PROBLEMS OF DEE SALMON

SIR,—The interesting article by Mr. Kenneth Dawson on salmon and their habits (*COUNTRY LIFE*, December 26, 1957) has provoked quite a discussion among various fishermen on the Dee. I own the Inchmarlo water on the Dee, and my old gillie, who has been on the river since 1913, says he has many times watched the parr in the spawning beds along with the hen salmon.

The article says that few cock salmon die on their way to the sea. I think this is wrong, because my gillie tells me that in all the years he has been there, he has hardly ever caught a cock kelt, and we certainly do not find them down here on the Test. In fact, it is one of the jobs of the watchers on the River Dee to take out the diseased and dead salmon from the river and bury them. Most of those they take out are male fish, and I am of the opinion from my own experience that the male kelt does not return to the sea, except in very small quantities, if at all.

On the Dee we used to have a very good run of autumn salmon, but they disappeared after 1922 and after that date few were caught. They came up in the middle of September and they seem to be coming back again now, but they are late: consequently they never seem to come until the season is over. Generally speaking, they are large fish, and the belief is that probably they are from some large fertilised ova imported from the Tay, where I believe large fish do run in the autumn. These fish are of no use to anyone because the season is already over—except, of course, to poachers.

I do not altogether agree with Mr. Dawson about the Ministry's attitude to research. Between our beat at Inchmarlo and Cairnton there is what we call the Canny Burn. This burn runs up into the hills, and there the Ministry have been for several years trapping and marking both sea-trout and salmon. As the burn comes in on my stretch, I gave them permission to use it for this purpose several years ago, on the understanding that they publicised their findings. However, they have not done so.

What I believe they have done is this. They have marked thousands of sea-trout and salmon going up the



THE LINN OF MUICK, AN ABERDEENSHIRE WATERFALL, BEFORE AND (right) AFTER HEAVY RAIN

See letter: *The Right Time to see Waterfalls*

burn; one of the extraordinary things that have been told is that they have taken sea-trout going up to spawn out of their trap in the burn and miles up the river to the Fuch. These fish apparently return to the burn and are caught again in the trap within quite a short period, which shows that they insist on returning to spawn in their own water where they were born, although they are taken out of it and moved into another tributary like the Fuch, which may be 15 miles away from the burn in which they were trapped. If we could persuade the Ministry to give us all the relevant facts and figures, it would be a great help towards a complete knowledge of the life of migratory fish.

I may say that, in spite of all that has appeared in the local Press, the fish do not seem to have come up, so

Hiorn's tower in Arundel Park, Sussex, the Belvedere at Powderham in Devon, and Carmarthenshire's one and only folly, designed in the early 19th century for Sir William Paxton by Samuel Pepys Cockerell, all incorporate the central tower with corner turrets. The last two are in a doubtful state of preservation.—W. G. J. LEWIS, Flat 2, 8, Marlborough-parade, Hillingdon Heath, Middlesex.

MODEL OF A BLACKWALL FRIGATE

SIR,—Mr. Bouquet's article, *The Last Great Fleet of Sail* (January 16), interested me, as I have in my possession a model of the Blackwall frigate *Malabar*.

The ship itself measures about 32 ins. from the stern to the tip of the flying jib-boom. It was bought by my

There was a motorship *Malabar*, which ran on the rocks at Long Bay, Sydney, Australia, in fog, and became a total loss. I do not know the date of this occurrence.—DOROTHY BABB (Mrs.), *The Riddy, Bourn, Cambridgeshire*.

[We are informed by *Lloyd's Register* that the date of the loss is April 2, 1931.] ED.

POSING AS MAGDALEN

SIR,—I was interested in the article by Mr. Oliver Warner (February 13) about a wax relief of Lady Hamilton, ascribed to Johann Christof Rauschner, in the possession of the Victoria and Albert Museum. I possess a wax relief signed by Rauschner, of which I enclose a photograph; this also pictures Emma Hamilton as the Repentant Magdalen, but in Eve's costume. The attitude and the whole conception of this wax are exactly the same as the relief you published.—P. J. VAN ALFEN, *Moersbergen, Doorn, Holland*.



WAX RELIEF BY J. C. RAUSCHNER OF EMMA HAMILTON AS THE REPENTANT MAGDALEN

See letter: Posing as Magdalen

A SWEEP'S HELMET

SIR,—One of the most interesting items in the "Sweepiana" collection given by Dr. Henry to the Abbey House Museum, Kirkstall, near Leeds, a few months ago, is a chimney sweep's brass helmet. It is of 19th-century workmanship and is a good illustration of self-advertisement. The engraved lettering reads: "James Taylor, Chimney Sweeper, Flue & Smoak Jack Cleaner, No. 35, King St., Cheltenham." Strictly speaking, it is only half a helmet, being shaped to fit the front part of the sweep's head.—NORTHERNER, *Leeds*.

GIFTS ON A SUICIDE'S GRAVE

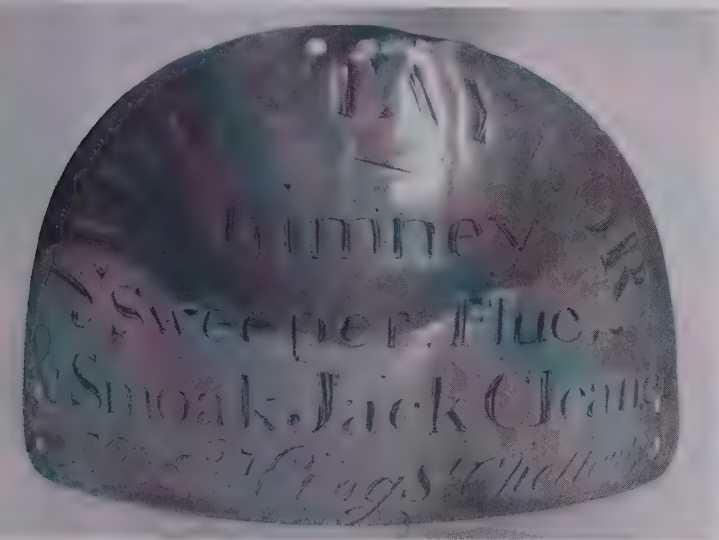
SIR,—I believe that suicides' graves were traditionally sited at cross-roads. The Dartmoor grave of which I enclose a photograph is, besides being at a cross-roads, at the junction of three moorland parishes—Widcombe, North Bovey and Manaton. It is marked on the Ordnance map as "Jay's grave." Mary Jay was a little workhouse girl sent to work on a nearby farm in the early years of the 19th century. Abandoned by her lover, she hanged herself in a barn.

The grave, with its unworked granite headstone, has considerable local fame, and is never without some simple tribute of flowers or foliage, or

late father; and after his death I found among his papers a letter from a Mr. B. Granville, Sutherland House, Southwold, dated December 22, 1932, in which he encloses details of the ship, so I gather that it was bought from him.

The details are as follows: "The full rigged ship *Malabar* was a 1,400 ton frigate built ship belonging to Green's famous Blackwall line of passenger ships. She was built by Pile of Sunderland, who built many of the Blackwall frigates, and was launched in 1860. She was employed in the East India trade and considered a fine vessel of her class.

"The *Malabar* was still going in 1880 when she was commanded by Capt. Douglas, but had disappeared from the Register before 1897."



19th-CENTURY SWEEP'S BRASS INSCRIBED HELMET

See letter: A Sweep's Helmet

far as we are concerned, at the opening of this present season. Although we caught 21 the first day, the frost seemed to stop them on the way up. We finished with 72 in a fortnight, but this is only about half of what is usually caught on our beat in the first 5 days.

It does look, so far as the Dee is concerned at any rate, as if the frost kept the fish in the sea and the nets took a terrible toll of them on the way up. Personally, I am one of those who believe that there would be far more revenue coming to Scotland from its fishermen, tourists and others, if there were less netting and more fish were allowed to ascend to the river to be caught by the rods, who are rated very heavily for the fishing by the local authorities.—JOHN HOWLETT, *Ravenscourt, Lymington, Hampshire*.

TRIANGULAR FOLLIES

SIR,—Further to recent correspondence on follies having a triangular ground plan, perhaps the two earliest examples are worthy of mention.

By 1596 Sir Thomas Tresham's preoccupation with the Holy Trinity had resulted in the famous Triangular Lodge at Rushton, Northamptonshire. More than a century separates this masterpiece in mathematics from the Temple of Liberty at Stowe, in Buckinghamshire. In startling contrast to the Classical monuments in the gardens, it is unique to-day as the sole representative of a James Gibbs building in the Gothic manner. It was certainly completed by 1732, when Gilbert West in his descriptive poem referred to the "sylvan Temple" which "spreads around the Saxon Gods, its mallow'd Shades." The statues of the seven deities have gone, but the temple stands intact.

From the second half of the 18th century triangular follies became somewhat standardised. Francis



SUICIDE'S GRAVE ON DARTMOOR, ON WHICH PASSERS-BY PLACE OFFERINGS TO AVERT ILL LUCK

See letter: Gifts on a Suicide's Grave

even stones. There is a superstition that to pass by such a grave without placing a token on it is to be attended by ill luck; this goes back to the days of the four-in-hand and possibly longer.

I wonder if any of your readers can throw more light on this custom, or say whether it is still observed elsewhere.—CECIL FRENCH, 26, *Fairfield-avenue, Whipton, Exeter, Devon*.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Mouse That Ate a Walnut.—With reference to recent letters on ingenious mice, late one night I watched a very small mouse trying to get a walnut into a hole in the wall a little above the floor. It had first pushed the nut, but the hole was too small, and the nut fell to the floor with a rattling sound, which had drawn my attention. Next it tried backing into the hole, with the same result. After some time I went to bed. In the morning the nut had gone and no fragments of shell were left. How does a mouse eat a walnut, with its shell and all?—C. M. COOPER, *The Chantry, Great Horkesley, Colchester, Essex*.

Staffordshire Gardening Figure.—I was interested in the letter *The Elements in Pottery* in your issue of January 23. I have a figure the same as that shown in your illustration. Mine is a woman with a watering can; the word "Gardners" [sic] is under the same decoration. It is a primitive sort of figure, and I should think about 1820 too. I bought my piece in a sale here in Cape Town.—LETA HILL (Mrs.), *Highways, Molteno-road, Orangezicht, Cape Town, South Africa*.

Where is the Original?—I am trying to trace the full-length portrait by James M. Scrymgeour of Major-General David Stewart of Garth (1772-1829). The Director of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery in Edinburgh has told me that it was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1832, after General Stewart's death in the West Indies. An engraving of the original shows the general in a Stewart kilt and sporran, with military coat and medals, leaning on a sword in his right hand and wearing spectacles.—EVELYN ANDERSON (Mrs.), 69, *Southpark-avenue, Glasgow, W.2*.

A Rochester Picture.—Sir Augustus Wall Callcott painted a picture entitled *Rochester Bridge and Castle*, which was sold at auction in 1863. Does any reader know where this picture is?—M. T. KNIGHT, *Cooling Castle, Cliffe-at-Hoo, Kent*.

A VICTORIAN VILLA TRANSFORMED

By H. DALTON CLIFFORD



1.—THE NEW FRONT DOOR ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE HOUSE. (Right) 2.—LOOKING ACROSS THE HALL AND THROUGH THE SITTING-ROOM. The house, built about 1870 on the east coast of Ireland, has been extensively altered to provide a suite of reception rooms on the ground floor

THE house I am here describing, built about 1870 on the east coast of Ireland, is in a style reflecting all the stolidity but none of the saving graces of that period. It was just a large square building with small square rooms. Similar examples of mid-Victorian architecture are to be seen in the quieter parts of Wimbledon or Blackheath, but this one seems strangely out of place, poised on a ledge carved out of a rocky hillside on the coast. It faces south, looking across an inlet of the sea towards distant mountains, with a crescent of tall eucalyptus and fir trees behind it, giving shelter from northerly winds.

Its owner acquired the site, rather than the house, and doubtless considered the possibility of clearing the ground and building anew. Shortages of materials and restrictions on building made this impossible at the time, and instead he commissioned Oliver Hill to carry out extensive alterations, concentrating on the suite of reception rooms on the ground floor, which is to house a fine collection of antique furniture.

Originally the drive, approaching from the north, curved round the west end of the house to a gravelled forecourt, from which steps led up to a ponderous porch in the centre of the south façade. Thus the part of the garden from which one could best appreciate the magnificent views was entirely lacking in privacy. Mr. Hill, therefore, removed the porch, did away with the forecourt and diverted the drive to a new entrance on the east side of the house.

The new front door (Fig. 1) is reached by a flight of curved stone steps with a crinoline-shaped balustrade of wrought iron. The



3.—DIAGRAMMATIC PLAN SHOWING THE RELATIONSHIP OF THE GROUND-FLOOR ROOMS



4.—THE SITTING-ROOM SEEN FROM THE DOOR IN FIG. 2. (Right) 5.—THE WHITE MARBLE DINING-TABLE DESIGNED BY THE ARCHITECT

While his thoughts are under the bonnet

Please don't disturb him. He's busy falling in love with one of the finest engines ever designed. The engine of the car which always passes him *in top* while he is still wondering whether to change down.

Now he's finding out why. He's in a little private world of high compression ratios, overhead valves and dynamically and statically balanced crankshafts. He's revelling in his discovery of an inspired piece of engineering which will give him surging power plus the kind of m.p.g. that reminds him of his motor-cycling days.

Right now he has only one little worry; that his less mechanically minded partner may not fully appreciate just how fantastically good this Morris Oxford is . . .

. . . she's got her feet on the ground

. . . But he needn't worry. She's already voted it the car she would most like to be seen in and now she's ticking off *her* list of perfect-car features.

Such as the oh-so-sensible leather upholstery. You only need *show* it a duster and its colours are showroom-bright again. And those wide seats for grandpa to expand in when the kiddies are playing spacemen. And that blissfully deep luggage trunk . . . think of being able to take *all* one's dresses on holiday!

By the time she's found out about the exquisite colour schemes and doors which won't fly open, it won't take any salesmanship from him to persuade her.

Between husband and wife there are moments when words are superfluous. Buying a Morris Oxford is one of them.



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C.301 (58)



6.—THE SITTING-ROOM SHOWING THE NEW FIREPLACE AND STONE COLUMNS. The original entrance hall and two other rooms have been incorporated in this one room, which is more than 40 ft. long

surround, with its finely proportioned segmental pediment and broken architrave is, like many of those inside the house, executed in a white local stone. Walls are coloured pink, and the window frames and louvred shutters picked out in white.

The floor of the symmetrical hall (Fig. 2) is flagged with polished stone of an ivory colour. Walls and curved ceilings are shell-pink, and the door surrounds, skirtings and string course

are of natural white stone. A hanging lantern, of verdigris bronze, has a lacquered brass interior, and the heavy satin curtains are the colour of burnished copper.

In the wall opposite the front door are two semi-circular headed arches, that on the right leading to the service quarters and that on the left to a barrel vaulted corridor which runs past illuminated niches to the library, staircase and the garden door. In the south wall of the hall

a pair of double doors opens into the sitting-room (Fig. 4) while a matching pair opposite leads into the dining-room.

Both dining- and sitting-rooms have new semi-circular bay windows facing east, balancing each other about the axis of the front door. In the dining-room, which has been constructed out of the old coach house, a circular dining-table stands on a round white carpet in the centre of the bay, which is hung with lime green curtains fringed with white. The table, designed by the architect, is made of white marble (Fig. 5).

The sitting-room (Fig. 6) is about 40 ft. long, excluding the bay window, and occupies the space previously taken up by the entrance hall and two sitting-rooms. Where walls have been taken away pairs of stone columns, carrying beams, divide the area into three compartments. The fireplace, in the centre, has a bold bolection-moulded surround in white stone with cushion frieze in a contrasting beige-coloured marble supporting the shelf. Walls and coved ceiling are painted a delicate cyclamen, against which the family portraits, in their elaborate gilt frames, look very well. Three tall windows open on to the new terrace, which replaces the gravelled forecourt.

Beyond the sitting-room is a library, with a vaulted ceiling, and beyond that a staircase hall from which a door leads out into a paved courtyard separated from the main terrace by an arcade (Fig. 7). This makes a sheltered sitting-out place between the end of the house and the cliff, and is screened by a high wall from the kitchen court to the north.

Upstairs there is little of architectural note apart from a long gallery, on the walls of which is arranged a collection of colour-prints of 19th-century Derby winners which must surely be unique.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of this conversion is the architect's clever use of stone for the classically detailed door surrounds, fireplace, floors and even furniture. Mr. Hill has always had a predilection for stone, which he handles with practised skill, and in this instance he was encouraged to use it both by his client, who shared his partiality, and by the fact that, at the time the conversion was conceived, timber was obtainable only for essential work.



7.—LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE PAVED COURT ACROSS THE TERRACE

A CAUSERIE ON BRIDGE

CRIME INVESTIGATION

By M. HARRISON-GRAY

A BIDDING style is not the same thing as a bidding system. You can tell the opponents at the start of a rubber that you play the Two Clubs, Blackwood and a strong (or weak) No-Trump, but they will be little the wiser about your general bidding tactics.

Suppose you reach an agreement with your regular partner: "Let's avoid headaches by making all our calls super-sound—opening bids, forcing take-outs, reverses, overcalls, take-out doubles and the rest. Then, if one of us opens his mouth, the other can bid his head off." You thus adopt a certain style, and I wish you the best of luck.

Or you may prefer a style which permits you to exploit minimum values in every sort of situation. For example, sitting South with both sides vulnerable, you deal and pick up the following:—

♠ K J 10 ♥ 7 3 2 ♦ 4 ♣ A J 10 8 7 3
You believe that it is safer in the long run to open with One Club than to pass with the idea of coming in on the next round. Suppose the auction starts like this:

South	West	North	East
No bid	1 Spade	No bid	2 Hearts
?			

You know this situation well enough; whatever you do now is apt to prove fatal. If you pass, West bids Three No-Trumps and gets the inevitable Diamond lead; if you weigh in with Three Clubs, you get caught for 800.

Should you and your partner agree that such hands may be opened, you will need some form of safeguard. Thus, if East-West keep out of the act and North bids a Heart or a Diamond, you sound a warning note with a rebid of Two Clubs. This is not exactly a "sign-off," for sometimes you have to bid the same way with quite a respectable hand, but your partner will allow for a possible shaded opening. Consider a deal from the recent international team trials:

West	East
♠ K J 6	♠ Q 9 4 2
♥ 6	♥ Q 5 2
♦ 10 7	♦ A Q J 9 4
♣ A K J 8 6 4 3	♣ 10

Dealer, West. North-South vulnerable.

When Tony Priday (West) and Jeremy Flint held these cards, the auction consisted of One Club by West, ten tricks being made. Certain points are worth noting. Although West has the seven probable winners which normally justify a jump rebid of Three Clubs, it is a mistake to encourage so strongly with only 12 points; at another table, after One Club—One Diamond—Three Clubs, East bid a confident Three No-Trumps and lost the first seven tricks. Then, although Flint had a good 11-count, he saw no future in the hand after his partner's limited rebid; he had to allow for a possible misfit, and there might be better pickings if the vulnerable opponent on his left, misled by the weak-sounding sequence, decided to try a spot of protection.

Let us suppose, then, that you make a practice of opening with One Club on the hand already cited:

♠ K J 10 ♥ 7 3 2 ♦ 4 ♣ A J 10 8 7 3
Obviously, this calls for slight adjustments in the rest of your bidding. If you are going to open One Club and rebid Two Clubs on the above model, you can scarcely apply the same treatment to the hand below:

♠ A 8 2 ♥ 6 ♦ K Q 6 4 ♣ A Q 10 5 2

This was held in the trials by West, dealer with both sides vulnerable, and was the cause of one of my innumerable black marks in the selectors' notebooks. I was playing with a new partner, Alan Truscott, and this was our unopposed sequence: One Club—One Heart; Two Diamonds—Three Hearts; end. Nine tricks were made for a score of 140.

I claim no credit, since Three No-Trumps was perhaps rather unlucky to fail (in practice seven tricks were the limit), and you have no doubt spotted the item which caused all the commotion. Results were clearly to count for

little, but it is interesting to study the West-East sequences at the other three tables:

One Club—One Heart; One No-Trump—Four Hearts. Two down, minus 200.

One Diamond—One Heart; Two Clubs—Three Hearts; Three Spades—Four Diamonds. Two down, minus 200.

One Diamond—One Heart; Two Clubs—Three Hearts; Four Hearts (doubled). Two down, minus 500.

So up bobs a hardy annual. I had the temerity to *reverse* (with Two Diamonds) on 15 high-card points.

I should explain that partnership style comes into the reckoning. Two Diamonds does not promise the earth; it merely shows a good hand and at least five Clubs. If I bid One Club followed by Two Clubs, as I am told I should, my partner is left wondering whether I have opened on a distributional 9-points hand. And nothing would ever induce me to start with a prepared bid of One Diamond, for I have seen too many examples of this sort of thing:

♠ 8 6 5 4 3		
♥ 9 2		
♦ 8 7 4		
♣ 8 5 4		
♠ K 10 7		♠ Q 9 2
♥ A J 3		♥ 10 8 7 5
♦ K 3		♦ J 6 2
♣ K Q 10 7 6		♣ A J 2
	♠ A J	
	♥ K Q 6 4	
	♦ A Q 10 9 5	
	♣ 9 3	

Dealer, South. Both vulnerable.

The South hand, you will note, is vaguely familiar. In a recent match One Diamond was opened in Room 1; West doubled, and East's response of One Heart was passed out. In Room 2, where South preferred to open One Heart, West bid One No-Trump, East Two No-Trumps and West Three No-Trumps. The lead

of the Nine of Hearts, covered with the Ten and Queen, gave the declarer three tricks in the suit, and the vulnerable game contract was duly wrapped up.

Here is a further and rather humorous example from match play:

♠ K 7 6 5 3		
♥ Q 8 3 2		
♦ 6 5 2		
♣ 3		
♠ A 10 2		♠ 9 8 4
♥ 7		♥ K J 5 4
♦ 8 7 4 3		♦ A K 10
♣ Q 8 7 4		♣ 10 6 2
	♠ Q J	
	♥ A 10 9 6	
	♦ J 9	
	♣ A K J 9 5	

Dealer, South. Both sides vulnerable.

With East-West silent, South and North bid as follows. Room 1: One Club—One Spade—One No-Trump. Room 2: One Club—One Spade—Two Clubs. The first contract went three down and the second two down. You will see that no great skill is required to make eight tricks with the unmentionable Heart suit as trumps.

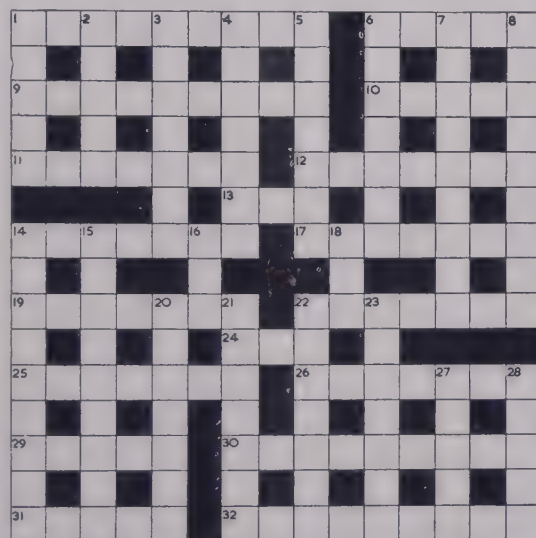
Is it North who is supposed to name Hearts, when he really had no right to be bidding at all? Note the irony; he cannot bear to pass One Club with a small singleton, but a sporting attempt to improve the contract merely makes things worse. What can be wrong with a rebid of Two Hearts by South? Is he afraid of being put back to Three Clubs on something like three small trumps? Since Two Hearts is not forcing in any rational system, North would be only too glad to leave well alone.

Reverting to the hand from the trials, one thing may strike you as significant. In spite of my grossly exaggerated reverse, my partner and I were the only pair to stop short of an unmakeable contract.

CROSSWORD No. 1468

COUNTRY LIFE books to the value of 3 guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 1468, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock-street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the **first post on the morning of Tuesday, April 1, 1958**

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name.....
(MR., MRS., ETC.)

Address.....

SOLUTION TO No. 1467. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of March 20, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Cow parsley; 6, Acts; 9, Unofficial; 10, Apse; 12, Swell; 13, Lancaster; 14 and 16, Glass-blower; 20 and 21, Netherlands; 25, Termagant; 26, Copse; 27, Hail; 28, Emissaries; 29, Dogs; 30, Granulated. **DOWN.**—1, Cruise; 2, Wooden; 3, Awful; 4, Sick list; 5, Elaine; 7, Cape Town; 8, Shearers; 11, Walled; 15, Leeway; 17, Snatched; 18, Stirling; 19, Partisan; 22, Farmer; 23, Uplift; 24, Ceased; 26, Crawl.

ACROSS

- Here the seaman might augment his bird's-egg collection (5, 4)
- What — hand and what — feet? —Blake (5)
- Dance-frock (9)
- What a radiance there is on the river here! (5)
- If you fold it again it seems you will get it really full (7)
- Long ago, too, for Hudson (3, 4)
- Landon's second preference (3)
- If the assassination "Could — up the consequence" —Shakespeare (7)
- Hulloa, something saucy in the rest-house (7)
- It is uniformly shouldered (7)
- Donkey surrounded by crossed legs needs spectacles! (7)
- Exclamation from Kent (3)
- Is there someone learned at all here? (7)
- Step back, pal (7)
- Statesman who could have been liked (5)
- Fruit or vegetable to find present in the inn? (9)
- Shelters for camouflaged guns (5)
- I make a rule that the gigot is delayed (9)

DOWN

- Cut by one who wears an Inverness? (5)
- Love and a kiss on the mouth from Primrose (5)
- Its voyage must have been radiant (7)
- Make the page lie close to the ground (7)
- Grouse about the date (7)
- Merits that are wasted (7)
- Sees Wilde in the Alps, plant-hunting perhaps (9)
- Smart girls who veto berets, preferring feathers! (9)
- The Rev. Septimus Harding (3, 6)
- Milton's shady companion (9)
- She was evidently dusky (3)
- He hoots at 16 (3)
- Lost ire (anagr.) (7)
- Surely not where the weakest go at Eton? (3, 4)
- Did Poe's work irritate Midas? (4, 3)
- ... the place on which to find a steeplejack, we hear (7)
- I care for the girl! (5)
- Let's hear from Lancashire, but mind the spelling! (5)

The winner of Crossword No. 1466 is

Mr. J. H. Marshall,
Little Rodsall,
Puttenham,
Surrey.



Avebury Manor, near Marlborough, from a painting by Felix Kelly. This attractive Elizabethan house is the home of Sir Francis Knowles. The previous owner, Mr. Alexander Keiller, a distinguished archaeologist, installed oil-fired central heating. The fuel is supplied by Shell-Mex and B.P. Ltd.

BEAUTIFUL OLD ELIZABETHAN HOUSE WITH OIL-FIRED CENTRAL HEATING

AVEBURY MANOR NEAR MARLBOROUGH

LITTLE IS KNOWN about the beginnings of Avebury Manor except that its grounds were a Royal Possession at the time of the Norman Conquest. A Roll dated 1275 states that during the Middle Ages a Norman Monastery was established there as a result of the gift of land by Henry I to William de Tankerville, Chamberlain of Normandy. The present Manor buildings were begun by William Dunch, auditor of the Royal Mint, who acquired the Manor in 1551, after the dissolution of the Monasteries. Sir James Mervyn, High Sheriff of Wiltshire, completed the main buildings in 1600.

Since Elizabethan times the owners of Avebury Manor have been State officials, farmers, soldiers, lawyers and scientists.

Some have been honoured by Royalty, others arrested and one imprisoned in the Tower. The present owner, Sir Francis Knowles, a scientist, has opened the Manor and its gardens to the public during the summer months.

Today, four hundred years after it was first built, Avebury Manor is equipped with oil-fired central heating, the modern method of heating unequalled for comfort and convenience. The whole building is kept at exactly the right temperature with the minimum of work.

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turers are now producing boiler/burner units specially designed for oil firing – for every need from the hot water supply in a small home to full central heating in a large country house.

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If you would like to know more about oil-fired heating write for a copy of "Oil Fuel at Home" to Shell-Mex and B.P. Ltd., Fuel Oil Dept. D9AB, Shell-Mex House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

THE ESTATE MARKET

SALES IN SUSSEX

HORSES AND HUNTING

THE forthcoming auction of Lady Eliot's Rogate estate, which covers 1,500 acres in West Sussex, will bring to an end a family association that has lasted since 1837. In that year the last Earl of Egremont, of Petworth House, which now belongs to the National Trust and which is occupied by Mr. John Wyndham, was on the point of buying the estate, which at that time covered about 1,800 acres. But before he could do so he died, and it was his third son, Sir (George) Hugh Wyndham, who was the successful bidder when the property came under the hammer. From him it passed in direct line to Sir Percy Wyndham, then to his brother, Col. William Wyndham, and finally to his daughter, Lady Eliot.

Death duties on Sir Percy Wyndham's estate resulted in the sale of two farms and the original manor house, but otherwise the property has remained practically intact, and some additions have been made to it. The land includes four airy and mixed farms, Commonsides, formerly the dower-house of the estate, and 480 acres of woodland, in all.

The balance of the estate, which is to be offered in May by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Hillary and Co., includes a large area of woodland let to the Forestry Commission, numerous houses and cottages in and around Rogate village, accommodation land and over a mile of fishing on the River Rother. The revenue from the let portions of the estate totals approximately £1,800 a year.

LORD KNOLLYS SELLS
BOLEBROKE

THE Rogate estate is not the only property in Sussex that has been occupying Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley's attention, for this firm, acting in conjunction with Messrs. George Trollope and Sons, have sold Bolebroke, Viscount Knollys's home near Hartfield, to Mr. John Kauntze, a London solicitor. Bolebroke, an Elizabethan manor house, with a Tudor gatehouse, has been modernised inside and stands in about 25 acres. Acting for Mr. Kauntze, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have sold Forches Cross, a modern house at Upper Hartfield, built on the site of a house that was destroyed by fire in 1928.

Another Sussex property that has changed hands recently is Handcross Park, a large, modern house standing in 140 acres alongside the main London-Brighton road, about six miles from Haywards Heath. It was sold by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., on behalf of the executors of the late Col. J. R. Warren, to Whittingehame College and will shortly be opened as a school.

COTSWOLD ESTATE OFFERED

PARTLY because of the beauty of the countryside, and partly because of its varied sporting interests, Gloucestershire is one of the most popular counties with those who come to London, on average, once a month. Typical of the type of Cotswold property that is invariably sought after is the Manor estate at Guiting Power, which extends to 955 acres and consists of a medium-sized late Georgian house, three farms and 32 cottages. It lies in open, unspoilt country between Stow-on-the-Wold and Cheltenham and is noted for its good shooting, trout fishing on a stretch of the River Windrush, and in three large lakes, and, of course, for the excellent hunting available in this part of the country. Messrs. Jackson-Stops and Staff, of Cirencester, and Messrs. J. Tippet and Taylor are the agents.

A PROPERTY near Badminton that is due to be auctioned on April 23 by Messrs. Strutt and Parker, Locks and Warner and Messrs. Coward James and Morris, of Bath, is Luckington Manor, a house of character situated on the outskirts of the village of Luckington, which lies in the middle of the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt. It has a stable box with loose-boxes for eight hunters, two cottages and roughly 12 acres of garden and paddocks, and, on the other side of the road, a stone house and a smallholding of just over two acres. The entire property will be offered with possession.

A small estate that has recently come on to the market and that includes first-class hunting among its attractions is Wartnaby House, which is situated on the borders of Leicestershire and Nottinghamshire in the Quorn and Belvoir Hunts. The property belongs to Mr. Michael Player, and is offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Turner, Fletcher and Essex, of Nottingham. It extends to 173 acres and includes a medium-sized house (originally the vicarage), a Georgian farm-house, three cottages, a yard with boxes for nine hunters and extensive buildings.

From Messrs. Jackson-Stops and Staff's London office comes news of the forthcoming sale of Norcott Hill, a modern house in the Georgian style which stands in approximately 130 acres, 600 ft. above sea level on the fringe of Berkhamsted Common, on a southern slope of the Chilterns. As is the case with Wartnaby, the principal interests of the property are farming and horses, but in this instance it is breeding rather than hunting that takes first place and about half the land is divided into paddocks enclosed by post-and-rail fences. There are also a stud-groom's house, five cottages, a flat, a yard with good boxes and a set of model dairy buildings. Messrs. W. Brown and Co. are co-agents for the property, which will be auctioned on May 28 unless sold privately before.

BRISK BUSINESS IN HOME
COUNTIES

IT is reported by Mrs. N. C. Tufnell, of Ascot, that the market for houses in the Home Counties is brisker than it has been for many years and that prices are maintaining a high level. Among properties that she has either sold or plans to sell are Windlesham Manor, a Georgian house, near Sunningdale, Berkshire, which was bought not long ago by Mr. Peter Cadbury, but which is to be re-offered; Woodcote Manor, a house dating from 1611, with later additions, standing in 84 acres at Bramdean, near Alresford, Hampshire; and a luxuriously appointed penthouse built over a marble swimming-pool at Maidenhead, this last having been sold on behalf of Diana Dors, the film actress. Messrs. Curtis and Henson are co-agents for Woodcote Manor, and Messrs. Hampton and Sons shared the sale of Miss Dors's property.

DEVON SALES

IN September of last year Messrs. J. Gordon Vick auctioned Nethercott, Iddlesleigh, Devon, consisting of a house, three cottages, a set of farm buildings, 54 acres of land and 1½ miles of fishing in the River Okemot, but the property was withdrawn. It has now been purchased privately by Messrs. Curtis and Watson for a client, who has also bought Devon Lodge, Iddlesleigh, a medium-sized house with a cottage, about 20 acres of parkland and three-quarters of a mile of salmon fishing in the River Torridge. Now Devon Lodge is for sale again.

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FARMING NOTES

NO CHILDREN ON TRACTORS

ONE of the most sensible regulations made by the Ministry of Agriculture for some time makes it an offence from July 1 next to allow children under the age of 13 to drive or ride on farm tractors or self-propelled machines like combine-harvesters. Nor must they ride on the tractor draw-bar or rollers. There have been some bad accidents, some fatal and some no more than frightening, because the farmer's child or tractor driver's child has been given a ride to keep him amused. This is misplaced kindness, and I am glad to have the backing of the law in insisting that this shall not happen in any circumstances on my farm. Anyone who permits a child to disobey the regulations is guilty of an offence under the Agriculture (Safety, Health and Welfare Provisions) Act, 1956, and the maximum penalty is £50. I must admit that I know of one lad now farming on his own account who started driving a tractor on his father's farm at the age of nine. He loved the job on Saturdays and school holidays, but, when one recalls the number of fatal accidents that have occurred through tractors being inexpertly turned on a slope, one realises that the risk of letting the young farmer get started on his career at a tender age is far too great.

Take Pride—Take Action

THE slogan Take Pride—Take Action is being used by the Department of Agriculture in Scotland to urge farmers to rout the warble fly. Thousands of copies of a new poster and leaflet describing the best way of dealing with this pest have been distributed to veterinary officers and local authorities. Treatment with derris and soap is simple, inexpensive and effective. It results in more beef and milk, clearer hides and fewer injuries to cattle through "gadding." We have long had the Warble Fly Order on the Statute Book, which requires all cattle visually infested with maggots of the warble fly to be treated with a derris dressing at monthly intervals from the middle of March to the end of June. But we make deplorably little progress compared with the Scandinavian countries, notably Denmark and Sweden, where the full rigour of the law has been applied with the co-operation of farmers to get rid of this nuisance once and for all. We have done so well in recent years in eradicating bovine tuberculosis that we ought not to admit defeat with the warble fly. The Government should pluck up its courage and see that the job is tackled more thoroughly and effectively. It would be a salutary first step to make it an offence to expose in market any beast with warble swellings on its back that have not been dressed to kill the grubs. Exhortation has got us nowhere.

Sense of Partnership

SOME pointed things were said by Mr. Harold Collison, general secretary of the National Union of Agricultural Workers, about industrial relations in our industry when he addressed the Farmers' Club this month. Compared with industrial enterprises most farm units are small and there is a direct personal relationship between farmer and farm-worker. But, Mr. Collison remarked, it would be a mistake to assume that this automatically ensures that relations are good. When two people meet frequently, often several times a day, a great deal more tact and understanding is required to keep the relationship harmonious than if they meet only once or twice a week, or

even less frequently. The farmer and farm-worker work in close co-operation with each other and often side by side. This situation in itself leads to mutual understanding and respect, but the danger is that a strong element of paternalism can creep in. This, Mr. Collison thinks, ought to be avoided so that the relationship can subsist on a firm basis of partnership. Thanks to this sense of partnership there has been no major dispute in the farming industry for over 35 years. Tremendous changes have taken place with practically no industrial unrest. Work-people have been willing and anxious to learn the new techniques, and, where further productivity drives, including the use of work and method study imported from urban industry, are being introduced they will, Mr. Collison gave warning, only be successfully applied if the best of industrial relations practices—mutual trust, understanding and full consultation right from the start—are consciously striven for by both sides. The farm-worker is just as interested in getting the job done easily and quickly as is the farmer.

Malting Barley Quality

MALTSTERS do not like a high nitrogen content in barley, and now many of them use a chemical test to determine the nitrogen content of a sample before they buy. They do this for the good reason that barley with a lower nitrogen content and, therefore, a higher starch content malts more readily and more fully and produces a larger quantity of fermentable extract than barley with a high nitrogen content. The beer brewed from a low nitrogen barley is also more stable and brighter. Most barley growers know that to please the maltsters they should not apply nitrogenous fertiliser to the crop late in the season, as this increases the nitrogen content of the grain. Most barley that is grown with an eye to the malting market receives all its fertiliser at sowing time or before tillering begins. Even so, Mr. J. P. Johnson writing in *Farming Review* states that as much as 3 cwt. of sulphate of ammonia applied up to the time of commencement of tillering has been found to have no effect upon the final nitrogen content of the grain.

British Friesian Yield

AN average yield of 10,710 lb. of milk with a heifer butterfat average of 3.65 per cent. and for subsequent lactations 3.56 per cent. is recorded in the British Friesian Cattle Society's annual report. The galloneage is up on the year and the butterfat holds its own. The registrations of full pedigree animals grows to 60,500 during the year, almost double the total of eight years ago. This is further testimony to the popularity of the black and white breed.

Legal Standards for Milk

A GOVERNMENT Committee is to examine the problem of the presumptive legal standards for milk from the standpoint of human nutrition and animal husbandry. Those to which we work now were enacted over 50 years ago, so it is time for a fresh assessment. It may well be that the nutrition experts would tell us that we should not worry so much about the butterfat content as the solids-not-fat, particularly the proteins in milk. Indeed, some doctors now consider butter, cream and other animal fats to be factors in coronary thrombosis and such-like troubles which affect senior executives who give themselves little respite from business worries. CINCINNATUS.

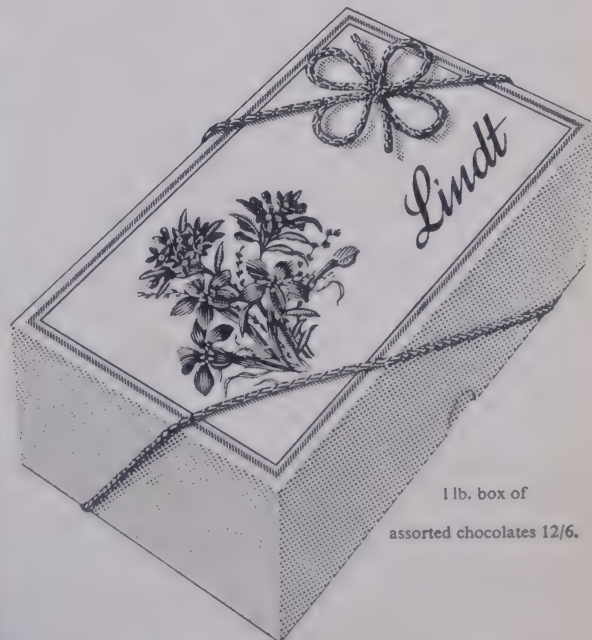


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NEW BOOKS

CHURCHILL SURVEYS THE 19th CENTURY

THE fourth and last volume of Sir Winston Churchill's *A History of the English-speaking Peoples* (Cassell, 30s.) has the sub-title *The Great Democracies*. The early days of the English in Canada and South Africa, Australia and New Zealand are sketched, the American Civil War is dealt with, and then we turn again home to the ending of the whole work with the South African War. To a contemporary mind, that is not an end but rather a beginning. The bloody and devastating wars that and that were to be most anxious and "peace" that the dangers in the death of Victoria, not only the

as possible as well as they could." It was a time when Parliamentary debate was of an exceptionally high quality. But words do not in themselves mean much to Sir Winston. "If caution must be the hall-mark of history, all that may be said is that the men in power were vigorously opposed by the men who were out, while in between stood large numbers of neutral-minded gentlemen placidly prepared to support whichever group held office. It is not much of a conclusion to come about a great age of Parliamentary

in the course of 300 pages fallow but not un- the death of Victoria, not only the



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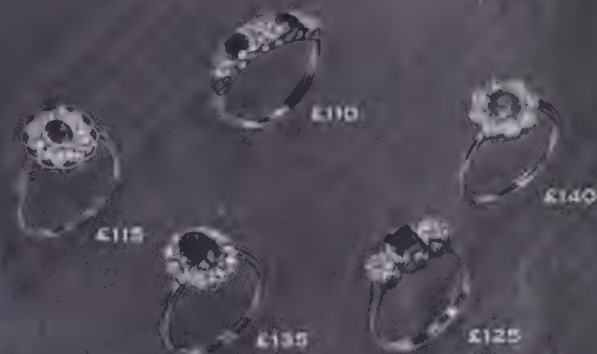
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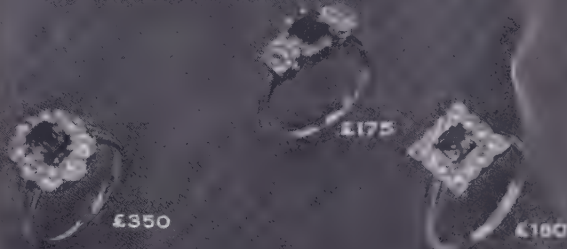
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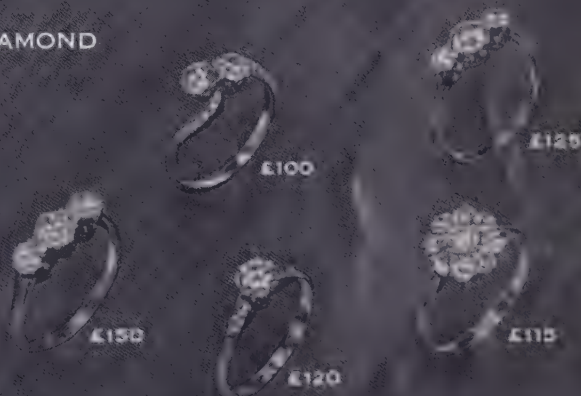
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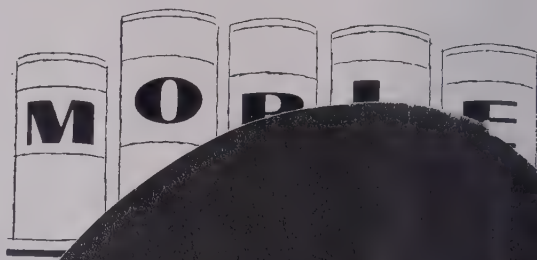


Two important qualities are combined in this lovely three-piece suit by Country Life (Wear)—elegance and practicality. In rose-beige lace tweed with raglan sleeves, it is lined throughout and can be worn with or without the belt. The coat, ideal for wearing over summer dresses, has a gathered yoke at the back. £53.7.6.

A swathed silk jersey turban, in soft rose pink, with pewter ornaments. £5.12.6.

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Always look for the name



REVIEWS by HOWARD SPRING—continued

and in aid of it he wrote a farce." I should think he wrote it in aid of himself. With nothing behind him but *Sketches by Boz*, and with the first numbers of *The Pickwick Papers* failing to attract the public, he was on the look-out for ready money. However, it is of interest to note that one of the first things to appear at the St. James's, which opened its doors in December of 1835, was by Dickens. The last play of any importance to appear there was Terence Rattigan's *Separate Tables*, in September of 1954. I have often gone with the handsome headlong boy to his first night in 1836, and I saw Rattigan's play, of which I treasure a memory. I asked an American lady sitting next to me what she thought of Margaret Leighton, and she said: "I'd like her better if she hadn't such an English accent." The English-speaking peoples!

FINANCIAL RUIN

Mr. W. Macqueen-Pope in *St. James's: Theatre of Distinction* (W. H. Allen, 25s.) bridges the gap between Dickens and Rattigan. Braham, who founded the theatre, was a poor young Jew from the East End, born Abraham, one of whose daughters became the celebrated Frances Lady Waldegrave. Braham had a gorgeous voice and earned a fortune as a singer. He sunk his money in this theatre, and the result was financial ruin.

Again and again in the course of this book Mr. Macqueen-Pope speaks of the "hoodoo" on the St. James's. Certainly it was a house in which a lot of people lost a lot of money. It was not for want of trying. All sorts of people and all sorts of things have appeared there. Irving and Rachel have trod the boards, Barnum showed "juvenile prodigies," amateur companies at times took it over, and it even housed a zoo. Long after the zoo had departed a distinguished actor discovered iron-barred cages in his dressing-room.

PERIOD OF GLORY

It had its times of greatness and prosperity. The Kendals and Sir John Hare were the lessees for years; and older theatre-goers will remember the St. James's as, pre-eminently, Sir George Alexander's house. He took over the theatre in 1891 and stayed there till his death in 1918. Under his management it had "a period of glory such as it had never before experienced." The light of glory didn't shine continuously. There was the disaster of poor Henry James's *Guy Domville*, which, together with its author, was hooted off the stage on the first night; and there was the sad affair of Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*, which was running when the Wilde scandal broke out and left Alexander "in the red." Alexander deleted Wilde's name from the playbills and, Mr. Macqueen-Pope reminds us, "on this score his memory has been often attacked." What the attackers forget is that people did then consider Wilde's offence abominable. There are those who say that an honest man would have gone the whole hog and removed not only the name but also the play. It would not have helped Wilde at that moment to deprive him of money. Anyhow, even with the name gone, the play flopped and there was no money for anybody.

Alexander recouped himself soon thereafter with the sensationally successful *Prisoner of Zenda*, and another great triumph lay in the future, Pinero's *His House in Order*, which the

author speaks of as "an abiding memory, which will remain so when all trace of the St. James's has gone, the zenith of Alexander's achievement and maybe of the whole Edwardian theatre."

Well, the St. James's is gone now, despite placards and parades and charming intervention in the not usually light-hearted debates of the Upper House: sunk with its cargo of illustrious ghosts. And, for myself, I regret this less than the disappearance, in some provincial town, of the only theatre there. If our players to-day would do as Alexander did, and as the Kendals and Hare and Irving and the rest of them did: that is to say, if they would go on tour in the good old way and so keep theatrical interest alive in the provinces, which provide the life-blood of London, then they would be doing something more effectual than uttering pretty screams when a London theatre sinks.

EXPLAINING AIR PICTURES

Miss Constance Babington Smith, the author of *Evidence in Camera* (Chatto and Windus, 18s.), was employed during the war on the interpretation of photographs taken from aeroplanes over enemy territory. She writes well of how this service developed out of the rather rudimentary photographic reconnaissance of the first World War and of the enormous size and importance to which it grew. For example, to meet the needs of D-Day, "something like seven million prints a month" were being turned out.

In his *Rocket*, Sir Philip Joubert de la Ferté has already dealt with this matter in so far as Peenemünde and the launching sites in Europe were concerned, and in that work Miss Babington Smith, as we find from her book, played a not unimportant part. That story loses none of its interest in the re-telling, and she covers an immensely wider field. One of her tasks was to look out for new types of German aircraft. Continuous photographic observation of aircraft factories furnished the raw material, and one sentence shows clearly the importance of this sort of work: "I could often describe and measure the new prototypes, so that their performance could be estimated and recognition drawings prepared months, and even years, before they appeared in combat." Altogether a book that is both readable and important.

FOR ENTOMOLOGISTS

IN *Collecting, Preserving and Studying Insects* (Hutchinson, 25s.), Harold Oldroyd has written a thorough work of reference. The book is divided into the three sections of the title, each of several chapters; Mr. Oldroyd begins with the needs of the entomologist in the field, and goes on through preparing and mounting to advanced skills like microphotography. He deals with many minor aspects of entomology, and his chapter on classification and insect names gives a clear set of guiding principles. There are 15 photographs and many line drawings.

The second volume of the *Instructions to Young Naturalists* series is *Insects*, by L. Hugh Newman (Museum Press, 12s. 6d.). This is a general guide, beginning with chapters on collecting and breeding insects and then dealing with each family in turn. Mr. Newman describes butterflies first, as being the easiest insects to get to know; this and the other chapters are divided into headed sections for each species. There are 29 photographs.

New Treatment 'lifts' sagging facial contours

by HELENA RUBINSTEIN



Sooner or later it happens to every woman. A hint of bagginess under the eyes, a slight sagging about the jawline, a few crêpe wrinkles appearing round the neck—and suddenly, the face in the mirror is no longer young. Until recently, there was little that could be done. Not now, however. Because, at last, with my new Contour-Lift Film, you can **visibly** 'lift' and firm sagging facial contours.

This amazing preparation is the only one of its kind that actually promises you a 24-hour 'beauty-lift'. You use it at night before retiring, and by day under make-up. From the start your skin glows with new freshness. Flabbiness becomes firm. Expression lines begin to fade.



New Contour-Lift
Film promises a
24-hour 'beauty lift'.

If sagging contours and wrinkled skin is your problem, here is the daily beauty routine you should follow. First **cleanse** with Pasteurized Face Cream Special (9/-). This is a rich penetrating cream that floats away all stale make-up and dirt and makes your skin softer. Now use Contour-Lift Film (32/-). Pat it on. Stroke it in. See how it firms relaxed skin tissue and moulds more youthful contours by night. Finally, **nourish** with Perfection Cream (10/-). Leave on overnight to allow the soothing oils and herbal extracts to feed parched skin areas while you sleep.

In the morning **cleanse** again and **tone** with Skin Toning Lotion (8/6). Gently this lotion refines and refreshes. Now, before making-up, apply **Contour-Lift Film**. Pouchiness and expression lines will disappear. Your skin will look softer and younger than it has for years.

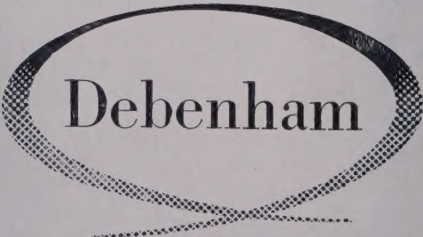
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We chose this in Paris . . .

for the alluring alliance of two furs . . . smoothness of broadtail, softness of mink . . . each supreme in its sphere. An exquisite coat of fluid and graceful line by LANVIN-CASTILLO in grey Russian broadtail and Emba "Cerulean" sapphire mink.

Photographed by Peter Clark at the Tour d'Argent Restaurant, Paris

the  touch

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY in Wigmore Street W1: LAngham 4444

Spring Hats

THE pattern of fashion has been completed by the big millinery shows plus Dior's London collection. Here we saw the trapeze line in all its glory. Perhaps it appeared most effectively on several little suits in smooth cloth or linen and on a printed silk dress that flowed out in a triangular shape from a high waist in front and was left unimpeded at the back. This dress of many mixed blues, seemingly so simple, was of a most complicated cut and supported by an elaborate structure to obtain and retain this shape. It was matched by a large hat of the silk that had a downward brim and was set above the head, and it epitomised the new fashions, with skirts just covering the knees and widening out to the hem, and an invisible waist.

Hats are definitely more substantial of outline to balance the attenuated silhouette, but materials are evanescent, so that they look light. They provide the drama for the many plain shifts of dresses. They tilt backwards and are folded and draped; flowers and ribbons make an entire hat more often than a trim one. The Breton sailor emerges as the fashionable suit hat of the season, often white or in a bright colour, and made from a loosely plaited straw or a piece straw resembling piqué, taffeta or shantung silk. The flowered berets and caps of Madame Vernier are exceedingly becoming. A Cossack cap composed of carnations in various shades of vivid pink inclines backwards and then tilts a trifle to one side. It is very flattering with a plain dark silk. Another cap is all white velvet roses. A huge squashy beret shape she makes

(Right) Orange blossom petals make a cap on a rim of black velvet (Simone Mirman)



A rose petal cap in several shades of vivid rose pink (Vernier)

(Below) This chipstraw sailor hat called Gigi is black and has a moiré ribbon, a cockade of white marguerites and a coarse black veil (Vernier)





wholesalers of Italy and France as well as home. A Lanvin-Castillo coat and dress in crisp oatmeal nylon and silk mixture of a rough shantung weave appeared in the original as well as a copy. This coat flowed out in gores from narrow shoulders, as did the long-waisted, short-sleeved dress worn underneath. Gill's point d'esprit in white nylon showed off its crisp light texture perfectly as a Julian Rose ball gown with a full skirt wafting out on to the ground at the back, midcalf length in front. Printed nylon net of John Heathcot, extremely light, in a delicate mauve pattern traced on white, was looped into a short puffed skirt by Elizabeth Henry and held either side on the hem by a tiny mauve bow, and again the skirt floated out on to the ground at the back.

Chiffon printed in the identical pattern and colouring used for the straw hat itself is swathed round crowns and over brims in the Kate Day collection. A flowery pink one is shown for Ascot with a brim turned back from the face and a crown sufficiently large to be pulled firmly on to the back of the head. The chiffon folds round and ties in a bow and streamers on one side. Another, a similar shape only slightly smaller, is in sugar pink cotton; the scarf of material, the hat of identically striped piece straw. Straw sailors take neat turnback brims and round crowns, and the straw frequently has the texture of a shantung. For decoration butterflies replace flowers; a lime green butterfly in flight is poised on the top of a deep folded toque of cornflower blue spotted tulle. A folded cap of grey and white printed straw has a small brilliant butterfly inset beneath a fold on the forehead. Chenille dotted veiling or rosy taffeta ribbons are twined into the structure of caps or toques so that they form part of the hat and add a change of colour. The line throughout is soft and gracious, as are the colours used.

Rudolf likes fabrics for his hats, organdie, organza and striped supple silk. He folds his organdie cloche hats, white, café-au-lait or citrus yellow, and crowns are deep and pull right on the head with tiny brims that roll up and dip over the left ear, where there will be a bow or a rose made of the organdie that lies against the neck. Also of organdie are caps shaped like hair-dryers of black or navy that pull right over the hair and the ears with a white rose on top. His high cap of white satin roses mounted on a tulle foundation is another that hides all the hair; the irregular outline of the flowers framing the forehead is most becoming. Larger hats are symmetrical of outline with shady brims and crowns. Again they are frequently in fabric. A navy chiffon with pin dots of white has a chiffon scarf of brilliant turquoise folded round the crown and hanging over one side of the downward brim.

(Left) The trapeze silhouette carried out in a suit of navy alpaca with kilted skirt (Christian Dior, London)

Mushroom brown suede pull-on gloves (right) are wrist-length. They do not spot and can be washed

(Below) The longer coloured kid gloves, which can also be washed, are as fine as crêpe de chine (I. and R. Morley)



entirely of navy flower petals, a second from chenille dotted tulle and a third of white piece straw like a shantung faced with red and navy. These berets fold down on one side and frame the face. A toque of white piqué is set on a headband of pheasant's feathers that crisscross over the forehead. A white organdie, high and folded, is trimmed by a branch of white gardenias.

Simone Mirman sews moss rosebuds and small green leaves all over a bulbous stiffened tulle cap; white petals make a tam that is worn pulled back on the head in the casual way a schoolgirl pulls on her beret. Both are as light as a filmy handkerchief. A domed hat is of green lilac; a helmet of pink pompon roses is veiled with tulle. Turbans of folded tulle are large as a maharajah's but worn at a different angle; one is black, sewn with infinitesimal black velvet bows, another is lilac, a third forget-me-not blue. All are worn tilted backwards. Tambourine shapes composed of flower-heads are delightful; another version is of ruched white crinoline resting on a rim of turquoise blue flower petals with a second blue line outlining the top. A shady white linen hat for summer dresses is painted with lemons and green leaves on the dipping brim. For the country the simple pull-on shapes are made from bouclé straw tweed in pastel colours. She showed an attractive cap at the Nylon Fair, a folded biretta of flowered nylon chiffon that matched the shirt and jacket lining of a Charles Creed suit. The biretta, a largish one, was worn tilted back, and the easy-fitting jacket and tubular skirt were made of darkish nylon brocade.

THE alpaca and shantung weaves of Miki Sekers woven from blends of nylon, silk and wool were a conspicuous success at this show that had culled designs from the couturiers and

